

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER of our very useful Theosophical workers, Captain Cannan, has heard the Master's call on the battle-field and has gone Home. When he volunteered at first, he was refused as over age, but later he was given his chance, and has been for months at the front, serving with great courage as a gunner, and winning the D.S.O. His passing away leaves lonely a wife in feeble health, to whom we can only offer, in her sorrow, our deep and affectionate sympathy. The War has claimed so many of our good present workers, as well as of our promising workers for the future, that our ranks show gaps that need to be made good.

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Our Theosophical Danish sculptor, Miss Dietrichsen, one of whose beautiful statues adorns the Hall at the Adyar Headquarters, is working very hard in preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher. She has translated into Danish a useful article from the *Herald of the Star*, entitled, "Can We End the War by Thought?" and has circulated 4,000 copies, sending it to all Danish Bishops, to the prominent men among the clergy, and to men and women of eminence in science, literature, education, legislative and social work, to political and commercial associations, and to libraries, periodicals and newspapers. Another booklet

has been sent to all the Danish clergy, about 1,000 in number, as well as to the above. Miss Dietrichsen is also carrying on a lecturing propaganda, and thus the good work goes forward, despite all untoward circumstances.

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A touching and beautiful celebration in Ceylon marks the end of twenty-five years of unselfish and devoted work in opening the doors of education to Buddhist girls without perverting them from their ancestral faith; the Musæus Buddhist Girls' School celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Mrs. Musæus Higgins on November 16th. "Old Girls"—if we may feminise "Old Boys," though it sounds irreverent—gathered in numbers, and breakfasted together, before the turn of the general public came. At the large garden party to which outsiders were admitted, an address was presented to Mrs. Higgins, which aptly remarked that this western invader came to an eastern land to help, not to hinder, and had proved to be a friend, "nay, a truly devoted and affectionate mother". She had saved to their own noble faith the future mothers whom she trained, and as the address said: "We shudder to think what the condition of female education among the Sinhalese would have been, had you not with your wise foresight and sympathetic devotion to our cause brought about our training and instruction on essentially Buddhist lines." All accounts of the days before the Buddhist revival, brought about by Colonel Olcott's splendid work, say that the educated Buddhists were then somewhat ashamed of their faith, and, as all the eastern world knows, it was by him and his great colleague, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, that Buddhism was again regarded by the English-educated as a crown of honour to be boldly and proudly worn, and not as a secret amulet to be worn under a covering. A missionary complained in his anger that in the witness-box a Buddhist witness used to hang his head when he had to state his religion, while, since Colonel Olcott's work, he held up his head and said proudly: "I am a Buddhist."

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It is Mrs. Higgins who has saved the girls of the faith from perversion, and has trained the mothers to love and worship the supreme Flower of our Humanity. Rightly then was she honoured after her 25 years of work. As Mr. Woodward, the Principal of Mahinda College, Galle—one of the Colleges of the Buddhist Theosophical Society—said, in opening the new buildings for the training of teachers, fitting memorial of the Silver Jubilee, built by her old students and Mr. de Abrew, teachers would go out from that school to all parts of the Island, to carry on education on the lines of the parent institution.

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We do not often print newspaper accounts in the Watch-Tower, but this occasion is unique; it is so great a tribute to the work of the T.S., and the recognition is won by so noble a service, that we give here one of the many accounts from outside journals, so that Theosophists may see what this one Theosophist woman has done; here is the account of the work from the *Ceylon Independent*:

To-day the Musæus School attains the twenty-fifth year of its establishment. A representative of this paper, who called at the school in Rosmead Place yesterday morning, struck upon a bustling hive of industry, Mrs. Higgins and her pupils being intent on the preparations for the celebration of the event. Mrs. Higgins can look back on a record of work of which any educationist may well be proud, though the dignified directress herself is the very personification of unassuming and unostentatious humility, with which she combines a keen practicality, evidence of which is writ large in the well arranged and well managed establishment over which she presides. Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, on a visit to Ceylon over a quarter of a century ago, saw the need for an institution for the education of Buddhist girls, and their keen insight into, and consummate knowledge of, the requirements of Buddhist children helped them in the selection of a directress. Their choice fell on Mrs. Higgins. This lady arrived in Colombo, and a mud and wattle cadjan hut was quite good enough for her to begin work in. To-day, in a well appointed, excellently equipped establishment, founded on the very spot where she began her early struggle, Mrs. Higgins treasures among her most cherished possessions a picture of the little old school, worked in silk. She proudly shows it to her

visitors. In this little unpretentious hut, Mrs. Higgins, with the co-operation of Dr. English, Miss English and Miss Emma Allison, began laying the foundation of a great educational work. The ravages of white ants threatened the extinction of the humble abode. Mrs. Higgins, with her usual tact and energy, then laid her plans for a solid brick building. A row of rooms for the boarders and lady helpers was run up, and Dr. English contented himself with sleeping in the old and half dismantled cottage, which had served all purposes till then. Soon the cottage came down. Mrs. Higgins' persevering spirit continuing unabated, the buildings were gradually added to. Mr. H. P. Fernando built at his own expense a second block, while Mr. P. D. Khan very generously added the finishing touches. It was at the Musæus School that the training of teachers was first attempted, and Mrs. Higgins' efforts in this direction have met with considerable success, while the education imparted to the children has borne good fruit, among the distinctions won by the girls being the Jeejeebhoy Scholarship at the Medical College. Mrs. Higgins is a firm believer in the combination of religious and secular education, and her efforts have been specially directed at deepening the tone of religious education in the school. Her ideals have been so shaped as to give her pupils the best of their own country with a suitable leavening of the West. The establishment consists of an up-to-date English School, an infant school, an elementary school, a department for higher work and a training school for vernacular students.

#### A LETTER FROM MRS. ANNIE BESANT

The following appreciative letter has been received by one of the teachers of the school from Mrs. Annie Besant :

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

*Adyar, Madras, S., Nov. 5, 1916.*

DEAR MISS DE SILVA AND OTHERS,

I should much like to be with you for noble Mrs. Higgins' Silver Jubilee, but it is not possible for me to go to Ceylon, as I have an engagement I cannot break on Nov. 17th. I send my very best wishes, and pray that she may long be spared to continue her uplifting work.

Ever yours,

ANNIE BESANT

#### A TRIBUTE IN VERSE

Among many messages of congratulation and tributes of praise received by Mrs. Higgins is the following from Mr. F. Gordon Pearce, of Mahinda College, Galle :



To Mrs. Musæus Higgins, on the 25th Anniversary of her educational work in Ceylon, 1891-1916, a humble tribute of love and respect :

Revered and gentle lady, whom this day  
 Thy friends, co-workers, pupils, come to greet,  
 And lay our grateful tribute at thy feet,  
 What words of loving homage can we say ?  
 What if in sounding syllables we pay  
 The honour for thy tireless labours meet,  
 Or tell how kind thou art, how just, how sweet,  
 And how thou comest to us from far away ?  
 Thus might we do thee homage. But 't would be  
 How slight a thing compared with thy real worth ;  
 For thou hast gained the dearest name on earth,  
 "Mother" to many daughters ! How can we  
 Give thee more honour or more lasting fame  
 Than thou hast won for ever by that name ?

*Mahinda College, Galle, Nov. '15.* F. GORDON PEARCE

Despite the multifarious and self-imposed duties she performs, Mrs. Higgins has found time for literary work. Her *Stories from Ceylon History*, in English and Sinhalese, is a well-known work, while *The Jataka Mala*, the birth stories of Buddha, is very popular. She is now engaged in writing another book for children, which will be published next year.

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It is sad to be obliged to warn our readers that the Government of Madras may put an end to our Theosophical publications. The Vasanṭā Press was put under a security of Rs. 5,000, although it would have been easy, even under the Press Act, to have put the security on the *Commonweal*, if so desired, and to leave out the Press itself. In fact, it was indicated to me that a member of the Government wished me to know that if I removed the political printing the security would be returned. This may have really come as stated, or may have been an invention. Anyhow, the security has not been returned, although all political printing has been removed to a new press in Madras. It is therefore clear that the security is placed on purely Theosophical literature. This is of a piece with an order from the Central Provinces Government which forbade me to enter those Provinces, whither I was going to preside at a Theosophical Federation. Such treatment is not new, as far as THE THEOSOPHIST is concerned, for, before

it came into my hands, it used to reach its Russian subscribers occasionally with paragraphs or whole pages blotted out by the Censor. We wish that in adopting the system of repression here, the authorities would follow the more liberal Russian plan of blotting out only the parts of a journal to which they object. So far as I know, THE THEOSOPHIST has not suffered in this way since it came into my hands. My strong defence of Great Britain and her Allies in entering into the War, and my statement that Germany was embodying in the great War the superphysical forces which worked against human evolution into a higher stage, were allowed to pass into Germany, and, quite naturally, turned German Theosophists against the T.S. It seemed to me, at the time, to show an extraordinary liberality on the part of Germany to allow so deadly a criticism to circulate in her Empire. But so it was. And it is indeed strange to find the same magazine, unchanged in views, menaced with destruction under the British Flag.

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Our cold-weather visitors are not so numerous as usual, in consequence of the War, but still some have come. The Scottish General Secretary, Major D. Graham Pole, discharged from the army as unfit for further military service, and wearing his badge of honour, is with us; he remains in the Reserve, having long been in the Territorials. He came over here partly to recruit his health, but mostly to acquaint himself thoroughly with the details of the Press Act case in the Madras High Court, so as to be able to instruct our London Solicitor and Counsel. He is himself, as our readers know, a Scottish Solicitor, and is now joining also the English side of the profession, as he is settling in London. Another General Secretary with us is Mme. Anna Kamensky, from Petrograd, who has done such brave and successful work in Russia, lifting the Society there into a position of security and respect. With her is Mme. Pogovsky, the worker for cottage industries in Russia, devoted to the improvement of the peasant class. I felt somewhat

amused when, in answer to my somewhat apologetic request that she would report herself to the District Magistrate, she replied serenely: "Oh yes; I am quite accustomed to that in Russia." Two faithful friends from Java are also with us—Mr. and Mrs. Vreede, and Captain Meuleman looked in upon us when his ship was in harbour for a few days. Miss Burdett is another addition to our number, well-trained in shorthand and typewriting, and in all secretarial work.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner are staying in Madras, and we had the pleasure of their company for a long day at Adyar on the 26th November. Mrs. Hotchner's house in the Headquarters is not suitable for a married couple, and they are thinking of building another in a more convenient spot. On account of War conditions, I have been warning all members from neutral countries that it is better for them not to come to Adyar; last summer it took many weeks to gain permission for a Dutch lady, who had been living with us for years and was much run down by the climate, to take a short respite from the heat with friends in the hills; and I doubt if we should have obtained permission, had not it not been for Colonel Nicholson's kind interposition with the District Magistrate. Hence, I have been asking neutrals not to come to us, but my cable to that effect to Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner missed them in America; some one warned them at Colombo, so they went to a hotel. I do not feel justified in making any complaint about restrictions due to military views.

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Miss Arundale is settled down in Benares, as the head of the Women's educational work there. Miss Browning, M.A., is Principal of the College, and Miss Palmer, B.Sc., carries on her best-loved work as head of the School. The Āshrama is in the charge of Shṛīmaṭi Sītābāi Devī, a widow, who has it under her complete control and is an admirable head, while Shṛīmaṭi Paḍmābāi Devī, one of our best lady workers, gives her help freely, and has been

very successful in gathering funds for the upkeep of the institution. Miss Arundale tells me that there is now much sympathy with girls' education in the United Provinces, and that people are very much more inclined to help it than they were some years ago.

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Thus the work goes forward, wholly unaffected by all the storms of War abroad, and of all the difficulties created for us here by a nervous and non-understanding Executive. Worldly people cannot understand that any men and women will give themselves to altruistic work, "hoping for nothing again," and they are constantly seeking for non-existing motives, and making up in suspicions what they lack in knowledge. It is a pitiful example of the little influence exerted by Christianity over its followers, that they are sceptical of all high aims as motives for action, and of all unselfish work. Christianity seems to be a religion which is wholly apart from life, so far as the bulk of its adherents is concerned. Born into it, educated in it, they take it for granted, but it is not a living power in their lives. Among the poor, it is more vital. But the well-to-do middle and upper classes wear it with their Sunday coats and dresses, and hang it up in the wardrobe during the week. True belief is found among sisters of charity, Salvation Army workers, and very largely in the lower ranks of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the religious orders of both men and women. Here, in India, we see Protestant Christianity at its worst, in its most unreal and aggressive aspects. Split into quarrelling sects, they unite to persecute those who hold wider and more Christ-like views, and we have a Church establishment supported by the money taken by taxation from the "heathen" whose religions it attacks. Some day, we may hope, the real Christian religion, removed from an artificial pedestal, with its adherents placed on an equal footing with believers in other faiths, will shine out in its purity and true beauty, a sister faith in the Indian household.

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## OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

By M. L. L.

*(Concluded from p. 164)*

**P**UTTING aside now the consideration of the failings attributed to us, let us consider what should be the attitude of the ideal Theosophist to the world in which he lives.

The Theosophical conception of brotherhood is one hard for outsiders to grasp; but perhaps it would be less so if we demonstrated it more effectually in our daily life. The lay mind naturally tends to confuse a declaration of universal brotherhood with the advocacy of socialism, communism, or what not, and to suppose that the promotion of brotherhood necessarily implies

an attempt to level external differences. Yet it is not so. Much of the explanation given by Mrs. Besant in *Dharma* and elsewhere of the origin and significance of the Hindū caste system is applicable also to social distinctions in the West. Knowing this, the Theosophist believes that these classes exist in order that every soul may be born into just the family, just the social conditions, just the surroundings best fitted to promote the working of that great law of Cause and Effect which we call Karma.

Roughly speaking, the latent capacities and tendencies of the ego are developed in two ways: first, by the affording of favourable opportunities; secondly, by the setting up of obstacles. For the soul grows both by encouragement and by correction, just as a plant grows not only through the help of rain, sun, and fertile soil, but also through the hard discipline of the pruning-knife. Believing this, the Theosophist would as little wish to translate an individual forcibly from one class to another, or to break down arbitrarily the distinction between class and class, as he would wish to convert a man from one form of religion to another, or to break down arbitrarily the distinction between Hindūism, Buddhism, and Christianity. I am careful to use the words "forcibly" and "arbitrarily," for doubtless the time will come when these distinctions, having served their purpose, will cease to exist. But to anticipate that time is as foolish as to force apart the bud of an unopened flower.

If, then, we do not seek to obliterate class-distinctions, but only to better the social conditions which make those distinctions burdensome, how do we reconcile with them the ideal of brotherhood? Above

all, how are we to formulate that ideal in the teaching of our children?

Naturally, the simile of the family, with its older and younger members, is the one most often employed to illustrate a brotherhood which does not imply or involve equality of outward conditions. We are reminded that in the perfectly constituted family, the accepted principle is always: "To the younger, more privileges; to the elder, more responsibilities"; that the elder brother and sister do not despise the baby in the cradle for being unable to do the work which they themselves can do, but that, on the contrary, they shield and care for him, develop his bodily and mental powers, forward his growth in every way they can, till he who was before on a lower step of the ladder, is able to climb and stand where they are standing now. This is the Theosophical conception of brotherhood; and it implies no more "contempt" for the younger souls than the mother feels for her youngest, most helpless, and perhaps dearest child.

But the practical difficulty arises when we begin, as it were, to assign the parts; to recognise where we ourselves stand on the ladder of evolution, what is our place in the great family; and so to regulate our duties to its other members.

A writer on moral education, Dr. Adler, advises that all children should be taught their duties to "superiors, inferiors, and equals" as definitely as they are taught them in the catechism of the English Church. Only, the words must have a well-defined connotation. Not for a moment must the child be allowed to set up or to accept a standard of values based on worldly prosperity, rank, or wealth.

Dr. Adler's suggestion—a strictly Theosophical one indeed—is that we should regard as *superiors* those who are able to give us more than we, in our present relation to them, can hope to repay, and as *inferiors* those to whom we are in the position of givers rather than of receivers. Between those approximately *equals* there can be an exchange of mutual service; but so vast are the divergencies of human character and circumstance that this relation is the rarest of the three.

We might well adopt the above series of definitions with our children, leading them at the same time to understand something of that reversal of worldly standards in the light of which the “superior” is proud only of his privilege of greater service, and the motto of the ruler becomes “*Ich dien*”. Such teaching will form a sound basis for study of many of life's problems—the improvement of the outward forms of Government and of society, the treatment of the insane, the criminal, the aged and the undeveloped, the adjustment of religious creeds to the requirements of an evolving humanity. It will, if firmly grasped and patiently applied, help every thoughtful Theosophist to define his own attitude towards his fellows, and to dispel that nebulosity which reiteration of an abstract principle, however exalted, is apt to produce.

Even the most imperfect account of the Theosophist's attitude towards the world around him must include some reference to his relation with so-called “inanimate Nature”.

This, no less than his view of his fellow-men, will be affected by a fuller realisation of the divine immanence, and will approximate to that of Wordsworth and other poet-mystics, who see in the outer world the



living garment of God. The good Theosophist will probably grumble little at the weather, for to the man who sees Nature with the eye of a mystic she can never appear hostile, or even unfriendly. He does not fear that her breezes will give him cold (alas! for the vitiated air of many a Theosophical lecture-room), nor her showers, fever. Looking at her face as a friend's face, he will see in it a perpetual beauty, not dependent on fine dress or gay surroundings, nor even on the smiles she wears. The arid line of a dusty high road under an August sun will kindle his inward vision, symbolising to him, as to Wordsworth,

An invitation into space  
Boundless, or guide into Eternity.

A still, grey, louring autumn afternoon, mist overhead and mire underfoot, will fill him with

A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Often, indeed, the very absence of the more obvious charms of Nature seems to invite the bold spirit of the wisdom-seeker to a more intimate communion, and the green moss on a railing in some poor back-yard may speak to him of a revealed God as a whole landscape of Italy might fail to do. It is all a question of what we *bring*; "to him that hath shall be given". Let us Theosophists open ourselves, heart, mind, and soul, to Nature; let us study reverently and carefully her minutest manifestations; and we shall soon find that another channel has been cleared, another link of communication made, by which sudden

and wonderful messages may be transmitted to the waiting soul.

In conclusion, let us return to the idea of the contrast between our own view of ourselves and that taken by others.

We think of ourselves as pioneers of a new age, a new race, a new dispensation; as men and women to whom some illuminating gleam of the Wisdom has been vouchsafed, some key to the problems of existence handed; to whom the scattered letters of life are just beginning to spell intelligible words. Knowing how the world is transformed, for us, by this illumination, we expect others to recognise us for light-bearers, and to accept, or at any rate be willing to consider seriously, the views we present.

Others think of us as people who make wild assertions and advance unprecedented claims; who have (confessedly) forsaken the guidance of reason to follow the will-o'-the-wisp which *we* call intuition or spiritual perception, which *they* call fancy or delusion. They see us led by this chimera to action which reason disapproves; they observe that under its guidance we leave the old paths, and stray (rather than walk) into new ones which are obscure and dangerous. All our personal faults seem, in certain cases at least, intensified. And these opinions too often find apparent justification through the wreck of a Theosophist's life in the jungle of delusion, mental instability, abandonment of the moral code, and so forth.

What is the point of contact between these opposing views, both of which contain much truth? Are we humble servants of the Wisdom, or foolish fanatics, dangerous to ourselves and to others? In

answering this, let us remember the words spoken of many who aspire to the Path of Wisdom :

Behold the host of souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how, exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after another on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies, and disappear within the first great vortex.

Or again, let us recall the metaphor often used of the Heavenly Wisdom, the keen two-edged sword, capable of wounding its possessor the moment he ceases to wield it aright. True it is that the would-be follower of the Path may, at any moment, cease to be what he conceives himself, and may thus fall into the very dangers which the children of this world ("wiser in their generation than the children of light") see before him.

For we average Theosophists are all in a critical and transitional stage of our development. Men of science tell us that evolutionary progress does not appear to be always at a uniform rate. The steps on the great ladder are set at irregular intervals, and now and again a gap has to be crossed. Such gaps—such critical periods—seem to coincide with *a raising of the permanent centre of human consciousness from one plane to the next above it*. The change from emotion to reason as the guiding principle in life (in other words, the rising from the astral to the mental plane) constituted the last transition; now, reason has in turn to give way to a higher faculty—intuition, cosmic consciousness, the consciousness of the buddhic plane.

During all the long ages of the past, *some* souls in each generation have attained to this; now the time is approaching when the majority will do so. The result

is a trembling of the balance; many individuals crossing from one scale to the other; those left behind trying to strengthen their position, to emphasise the principles for which they stand; great doubt, discussion, criticism, strife, confusion, both in the individual and in mankind as a whole. The quickening of the tremendous process by the War brings all these jarring elements into sharper and more terrific collision.

At such a time we, in whom the new consciousness should be beginning to regulate life, are in some danger of abandoning the lower faculty of reason before the higher is sufficiently developed to stand alone, "throwing away our candle before the dawn breaks"; and when we do this we lay ourselves open to the charges lately discussed. A person who is really leading the spiritual life, whose lower nature is directly controlled by the Higher Ego, the true Self, can do much without offence which the ordinary person cannot do. Others feel the force that is playing through him, and respond to it. He may indeed be misunderstood by the wholly *unspiritualised*, but those who are in any degree prepared will be able to receive at least a part of his message. Most of us, however, are in the condition of instruments just in process of being tuned, channels only half cleansed. The force cannot play through us unhindered; at times, its flow is not merely blocked, but diverted by our impurities until it seems itself impure. This is where, and how, the opinions of outsiders as to our imperfections and limitations become most lamentably true.

The only remedy is constant watchfulness and self-training; holding ourselves braced, strenuously exercising and cultivating the higher consciousness by

right thought, speech and action. We are training the infant King who is to rule over us; nurturing the yet unborn Christ in our hearts. The life of the Wisdom-seeker differs from that of others chiefly in the earnestness with which he uses *all* the powers and faculties of heart, mind, and spirit, striving for a complete and perfect, instead of a one-sided development. He knows that only thus can that stupendous birth take place; only thus can he ever approach the stature of the Divine Man; and to do so is the aim of his age-long pilgrimage. His kindled imagination, aspiring to the contemplation of the Ineffable, finds refuge in the sublimely simple phrase: "When I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

M. L. L.

# THE SOUL: ITS PLACE, CHARACTER AND EVOLUTION <sup>1</sup>

By JAMES H. COUSINS

## I. THE PLACE OF THE SOUL

WE accept the *fact* of the soul.

In its widest sense, the realm of the Soul is all that region that lies between the Absolute and the relative, between body and Spirit. It is analogous to the region between an act and the totality of forces that culminated in the act. Between the total (which is the analogue of the Spirit) and the act (which is the analogue of the person or body) there is an intermediary body of experiences that are in affinity with the act, to which the act will add a new experience. This is the analogue of the Soul.

But Theosophical teaching is not content with this diffuse connotation. It reduces the area of the Soul, but in the reduction it adds much to its significance. Behind the physical body, Theosophy sees a subtler body (the Etheric) which acts as the interpreter between sensation and its realisation in consciousness; but this is not the Soul; it is one of its instruments. So also is that still subtler body (the Astral) that acts as

<sup>1</sup> The substance of an address delivered under the auspices of the Wirral (Cheshire) Lodge of the T. S., as one of a series of propaganda lectures.

focus and interpreter of the emotional activity of humanity. When one says: "I feel," one is putting a gulf between the Soul and one of its functions, between the "I" and a process that is not the "I". Feelings fluctuate, desires wax and wane, but I, who know this, remain. And when one says: "I think," one is affirming the Thinker as distinct from thinking and from thought. We are perpetually "thinking," and in normal activity the thought is identified with the Thinker: it manifests the invisible One. This is so where thought is genuine; but much that passes for thought is only echo from memorised prejudice, or reflection from flying thought-stuff "in the air," or waves in the waters of the mind after the passing of some breeze of thought. Descartes took the power of thought to be the sign of individual existence: "I think, therefore I am." I am inclined to think that a still surer sign is the power *to cease thinking*. Tell your pack-mule of thought to fling its burden off its back and stand still, and in less than five minutes you will have discovered that you are not your mule, either in its refusal to obey you, or in your power to make it do so. A few such efforts, and you will know that you are no more your mental body or your brain than you are your desire body or the lips that sip the wine of pleasure. Every atom of the brain has disappeared in seven years: every attitude of thought to life may also have changed; but the "I" remains.

The process of thinking, however, is not simple and single. It "looks before and after": it can only step forward into assertion by stepping backward into recollection. Every utterance of thought implies a basis in former thought: the middle distance is filled

with the thoughts of the past in *this* life; but Theosophy teaches that the background is the summary of the thoughts of lives on lives, and is the true inspiration and determining power from life to life. That side of the organ of thought, the lower manas, that is senseward, is beneath the Thinker. That background of the past (the Buddhic) is above the Thinker. The realm of the Thinker is the higher mental: there he-she makes his-her home in the "house not made with hands"—the causal body.

## II. THE CHARACTER OF THE SOUL

The experiences of daily life may appear to influence only a circumscribed area of the individual consciousness, but, in fact, such influence is much wider. It is a recognised law in education that the effect of attention on the attainment of any particular faculty will be seen in other phases of the student's life. Neatness and precision in writing will not remain confined to pen and paper. In the same way a new experience in consciousness will show itself not only on other parts of the surface of the consciousness, but also in deeper regions. A vivid event may revolutionise the whole attitude to life. In this way the "middle distance" of the present life is modified: thought is revised, and the automatic reaction to further impacts from the outer world is changed to some extent. To some extent also there is an analogous influence on the "background," though the full influence of the current life is not felt until the husbandman in the world of matter returns to his hidden granary "bringing his sheaves with him".



We see, therefore, that the Soul is not primary, but derivative, a product of the interaction of the essential Ego, the Monad, with its shadow in manifestation. In Theosophical teaching the Soul began its existence, as a Soul, at that stage in the Cosmic evolution where the formative urge of the Second Life Wave had differentiated the diffuse matter that was vitalised by the First Life Wave, and had acquired faculties that rose up through the mineral (formal), vegetable (vital), and animal (appetitive) kingdoms, to the human kingdom in which, on the surmounting of the purely passional and emotional elements, the down-reaching Third Life Wave found a responsive quality on which it could take hold. It was then that the "Son of Man," the individualised product of development through matter, began to dream of the glory of the "Son of God," and to begin the struggle for an eternal throne. Self-consciousness was evolved, and henceforth every experience must add to that consciousness. The "sleeping dog" of the mind has been aroused—the Caleb (dog) that is the helper of Joshua who will lead the chosen people—the redeemed qualities of the Soul—into the Promised Land of pure spiritual realisation.

Then comes the flying of the shuttle—to change the figure—that weaves the wonderful fabric of the Soul. Outward it goes into the world of sense, taking with it a thread from the inner realm: back it goes, carrying with it something that will alter, even though it may be to a microscopic extent, the next out-going. In this way the influence of the environment of the outer side of the Soul is carried back to the inner: the character of the Soul becomes modified, and it in turn modifies the subsequent action of the personal outer

Consciousness: in short, since the weight of influence increases perpetually on the side of the Soul from life to life, as against the transient personality of the single life, we may put the process into the phrase that the evolution of the Soul is the soul of Evolution.

### III. THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL

The law of Evolution is defined as "the doctrine that higher forms of life have gradually arisen out of lower". This statement is usually taken to imply the annihilation of the old Christian idea of the *special creation* of a Soul with each human being that is born. A moment's thought on the definition will show that it is itself a statement of special creation, the only difference between it and the theological idea being that it is in steps. To remove the offensive *special* character, we have to remove the mysterious ability within the forms to respond at all to impact. Such removal would reduce the universe to a dead stop and nonentity. Sir William Barrett, in his essay on "The Creative Power of Thought," has followed this power of response to its most elementary manifestations, and has shown that it is due to the diffusion of *consciousness* in every atom of the universe.

In the strictest sense of the term this consciousness is "super-sensual". It does not depend on physical forms for life: it, itself, is the fountain of life: in its totality it embraces all possibilities of differential evolution: it is the spring of all action; the  $x$  quantity of *involution* whose recognition alone makes intelligible and complete any system that would explain the universe.

Theosophy teaches the law of involution as the spring and guide of evolution. Its details may be found in many books. My purpose is not to repeat them, but to offer an illustration of the operation of the law in the familiar terms of mathematics.

Assuming the Absolute totality to be a unit (1), any process of involution (involvement or entanglement) can only take place within itself, and can only be represented in the form of a fraction. A unit raised to any power of itself remains a unit ( $1^5=1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1=1$ ). Here we have a figure of the metaphysical truth that the Absolute unity can never be brought down from its level: it remains transcendent. Assume now that the unit separates into seven parts. Seven new units are established, but they are not absolute units: they are relative units, dependent on one another, and owing their existence to the basic Absolute unit. We do not figure this division as  $7 \times 1$ , for that would give 7 absolute units, which is impossible. We figure each part as  $\frac{1}{7}$ , thus symbolising the dependence of the fraction from the unit, and shadowing the immanence of the Absolute unity in its constituents. If we divide each seventh into sevenths, we shall have 49 parts, and we may carry the process from stage to stage, each time we multiply the fraction giving us a greater total, an expanding multiplicity, but with a corresponding contraction of the value of each new relative unit. A child, not knowing the value of money, might prefer 48 farthings to one shilling, or 192 pies to a rupee, but a shopkeeper would not be induced by number to give any more sweets than for the single silver coin. So in the process of involution, the one became many—not many *ones*, but many relative

units, increasing in number and in the illusion of separateness and individual importance as they shared less and less directly the essence of the Absolute unity.

Evolution is the reversal of the process. Mathematically speaking, it absorbs one of the elements, and raises the efficiency of the remainder; and this process will go on until unity is reached. So is it in the life of the Soul. Wherever a number of persons meet for a worthy purpose, there is a withdrawal from involvement in the details of the separate lives: a new fraction of less multiplicity and greater potency is created: this is the secret of the power of organisation. So too, in the individual, the nearer the active consciousness approaches the Soul-level, the level of abstract thought, the farther it recedes from the illusory separations and false evolutions of the emotional and physical degrees of life, and experiences an enhancement of power. Mind asserts its influence over matter, not by opposing material power with material power, but by drawing nearer to the omnipotence of the Absolute unit.

This process of evolution is in constant operation. Physical science sees it in forms: psychological science sees it in consciousness. Its tendency is towards groupings on ever higher levels; towards reducing the fractional figures as to number, and increasing them as to value. Neither nature nor man can escape the sum which the Master Mathematician is working out. We cannot delay it beyond His Will: we *may* expedite it by the stimulation in humanity of a love of Beauty, a participation in altruistic activity, a joy in the great simplicities; and by the realisation in ourselves individually of the stable and fundamental elements of our true nature, by moving stage by stage

back from the fractions of the self in oscillating emotion and undisciplined thinking, towards the unit of the Self.

This is the path of the Universe, and they who enter that way in full consciousness have not only their faces toward the Ultimate Bliss, but are already sharers of it in themselves and among humanity.

James H. Cousins

## TOLSTOY'S "WHAT IS ART?"

By G. HILDA PAGAN

Art is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; Art is a great matter. Art is an organ of human life, transmitting man's reasonable perception into feeling. In our age the common religious perception of men is the consciousness of the brotherhood of man—we know that the well-being of man lies in union with his fellow men.

The task of Art is enormous. Through the influence of real Art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means—by our law courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, etc.—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside.

And it is only Art that can accomplish this.

SO wrote Count Leo Tolstoy in *What is Art?*, an earnest little book that he produced at a time when he had laid aside his own wonderful achievements in art as novelist and story-teller, and was giving his whole mind and soul to the working out of his strong and sincere thoughts concerning life and its meaning. Written almost twenty years ago, an English translation by Mr. Aylmer Maude appeared straight from the manuscript, for the Russian press censorship did not allow any of Tolstoy's ethical works to come out in full, owing to their unorthodoxy. One must confess that, on totally different grounds, the English reader is also tempted to make "cuts"; for the author has loaded his early chapters with conscientious quotations from various European philosophisings upon

"beauty" and "æsthetics," which—if the shades of the philosophers only knew it!—make very dull reading. But Tolstoy's own ideas upon *What is Art?* are most striking; and one comes to them in time!

Firmly established in the faith that "Humanity unceasingly moves forward from a lower, more partial and obscure understanding of life, to one more general and lucid," Tolstoy describes art as "one of two organs for human progress"—thought or science or knowledge being the other. With the idea of "Art for art's sake"—that art is self-expression merely, and has no ulterior aim—he has no patience whatever. After years of thought upon the matter he formed this definition:—*Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings and also experience them.* Of course, not all artists would agree with this definition, and even people who are not artists at all are at liberty to have notions of their own. To take only one instance—but it is that of an expert—there is a teacher in the Theosophical Society in England, Mr. W. Wroblewski, who defines art as follows: "Art is the psychic capacity of registering in matter one's own psychic progress or individual relationship both with regard to the Whole (God) and to the details of life (one's own neighbours). It is a synthetical expression of human emotions, thoughts and needs. If art were an expression of mere human emotion and thoughts, and not needs, it would not be the true expression of the human soul, for the life of the latter depends on all three factors." This more elaborate explanation gives art a fuller place in life; but Tolstoy

deliberately limits its sphere to that of our feelings. "By words," he says, "man interchanges thoughts, by the forms of art he interchanges feelings, and this with all men, not only of the present time but of the past and the future." Having accepted this view, Tolstoy found himself obliged to consider that much of what is ordinarily admired and applauded is so narrow in its appeal that it hardly merits the name of art. "Art unites people," is what he claims. When one is affected—or, as he calls it, infected—by any work of art, one feels nearer not only to its originator but to all the other people who like it or enjoy it or are touched by it too. From this he argues that true art should be such that it should draw men together, however great the barriers of race and period might be between them. In this he seems to make no allowance for the different types of humanity, or the varying complexities of their natures. This was the more extraordinary, in that in his own art he had portrayed type after type, all well drawn, alive, growing up or growing old, each according to his own temperament. But in his old age he came to believe that all men ought to be alike. This is one of the instances of his tendency to "over-simplify life," a characteristic well and thoughtfully noted in his biography by his friend and translator, Mr. Aylmer Maude. In preparing *What is Art?* Tolstoy studied much—read a large number of new works in various languages, Kipling's early tales and the verses of Swinburne among the English examples; he listened (with great discomfort) to "modern" music; and examined recent paintings of the impressionist school—all with care, and a sincere desire to find in these things the pleasure and refreshment that



they could be seen to give to others. Then, realising that these others were people practised in the study of such things—stylists and specialists, as it were—he formed the curious opinion that art is not true art unless it can be appreciated by *all*.

This misconception on Tolstoy's part apparently arises from a misunderstanding of the term brotherhood—his watchword at all times. Because men are *brothers*, he thinks it follows that they are *equal*; and that therefore they can receive the same impression from the same artistic work—be they Jew or Greek, ancient or modern, gentle or simple, country peasant or city artisan. Any art, therefore, that exercises its influence, not because of some fundamental and essential emotion—religious feeling, compassion, charity—but which depends on the trained minds, cultured sentiments, perverted and degraded senses of town dwellers, and especially of the upper classes, he sweeps aside as false. This particular theorising is the natural outcome of Tolstoy's strong conviction that it would be better if all people lived a life of bodily labour upon the land which nourishes them—a life of health and of few wants, of fruitful activity and kindly fellowship. It appears to him the extreme of degradation that unwholesome city places, such as factories, printing offices and theatres, should employ thousands upon thousands of men and women in producing meaningless books, bad music and worthless plays. He goes farther, and will not even hear of its being of value to anybody to learn to act, to play upon an instrument, or, let us say, to dance upon the tight-rope, if thereby is excluded the perfect, all-round development which he believes can best be attained in country life.

What then remains that can be truly termed art, among present and past achievements? Very little, one must admit! Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, he regretfully decides, must go—what peasant audience could sit out its performance? And all opera must go—who can rightly follow music if combined with dramatic dialogue? (!) All the obscure and puzzling verse that occupies the intellect or excites the senses but stirs no feeling in us; and, for the same reason, all such novels, plays, poems or pictures as are merely well-informed—"interesting"—and describe scenery, houses, foreign travel, historical incident, technical processes even—these also are not art. Nearly all of his own works—and here, I think, there is no reader who will not rebel—are absolutely (and heroically!) condemned likewise; among them his huge and beautiful novel *War and Peace*, which his wife once described as a "prose poem". Almost the only things "universal" enough to be counted as art, seem to be the story of Joseph and his Brethren and the Psalms of David—and these latter he intends us to outgrow!

Let us go back, however, to the wide range that Tolstoy gives his subject. He says:

Art extends from cradle-song, jest, mimicry, the ornamentation of houses, dress and utensils, up to church services, buildings, monuments and triumphal processions.

And again:

The business of art lies in just this—to make that understood and felt which, in the form of an argument, might be incomprehensible and inaccessible. Usually it seems to the recipient of a truly artistic impression that he knew the thing before but had been unable to express it.

These words are most suggestive of the manner in which art influences us. Moreover they bring us to a

fresh part of the question, and it is one about which the author cared very deeply. Granted that "truly artistic impressions" reach us, *enter* us, what type of art ought we at our present stage of evolution to designate as "good art"?

Tolstoy, as we have seen, not only firmly believes in human progress but speaks as though man had already arrived at the consciousness of brotherhood. All art, therefore, that is separative in its tendency, must be retrograde in its effects. Tales that exalt pride, ambition, hate, revenge, warfare, or any form of strife, are bound to be harmful. Also the writings, music, painting or dress that arouse unwholesome excitement with regard to sexual love—all these things are "*bad art*". It may be mentioned in passing that he is very chary of encouraging love stories at all, partly because he found among his peasant readers and auditors that love was thought but a poor subject for art. If only we stopped to think about it, he declares, we should consider even a masterpiece like *Romeo and Juliet* the last thing desirable for our young girls to read or witness, lest it awaken their emotional nature too soon and exaggerate it. Even in such innocent love Tolstoy could discern too much of selfishness. But in heroism and self-sacrifice, benevolence and forgiveness, chastity and renunciation—in these he finds fit matter for what he deems to be *good art*.

All that now, independently of the fear of violence and punishment, makes the social life of man possible (and already this is an enormous part of the order of our lives)—all this has been brought about by art. If by art it has been inculcated how people should treat religious objects; their parents, their children, their wives, their relations, strangers, foreigners; how to conduct themselves to their elders, their superiors, to those who suffer, to their enemies and to animals—so that

the force of such customs can in no way be shaken but by means of art; then by the same art, other customs more in accord with the religious perception of our time, may be evoked.

For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with Tolstoy's philosophy of life, it should perhaps be pointed out here that many of the apparent virtues touched on in the paragraph just quoted, were to him anathema. "How to treat foreigners" is a negative piece of advice in the case of a man who has come to believe that patriotism—involving as it does the setting up or acknowledging of barriers between nation and nation—is an actual sin against brotherhood; in the same way, the correct procedure with regard to religious objects is a needless prescription for one who no longer admits that the Church is sincere in the doctrines and symbols that it gives to the people for their enlightenment and spiritual nourishment; and a teacher who desired to see perfect loving-kindness go out from us at all times to all men, has no use for any directions as to our conduct to our "enemies".

In fact, it here becomes apparent that *What is Art?* is written for that future period when laws, Churches, and Governments shall no longer be required. Possibly that is one reason why the book has had so little notice taken of it as yet. But are the dreamers, the idealists, the optimists, necessarily always in the wrong? It has been said elsewhere that Tolstoy foreshadows, in his life, the Root Race—the Seventh—which may some day make use of his country as its early home. In that Race the form side of life will be transcended by the spiritual aspect. His biographer somewhere remarks that the drawback to Tolstoy's outlook upon life is that it is apt to do away with one's sense of the usefulness of any

human activity whatsoever. That is true. But even now, in our very active, material and worldly Fifth Race, we have prophets of our own whose voices are in unison with that of the great Russian brother. In a book upon *Modern Problems*, by one who stands as high in the world of Science as Leo Tolstoy does in the realm of Literature, there is a passage so similar to some of *What is Art?*, breathing the same faith in man's inner nature and its continual unfoldment, that I wish to quote it here. Its author, Sir Oliver Lodge, in an essay on "The Position of Women in the State," is dealing with social service, and especially that branch of it known as Child Welfare, when he says that its difficulties cannot be solved by the intellect alone.

To coerce sane people into arrangements made in accordance with statistical and medical advice alone, is quite impracticable, and would lead to furious revolt. Besides, even if practicable, it would be unwise; Love is a spirit which rises superior to human understanding, and in its majesty affords a surer and diviner guide than any law or system. The spirit can appear in many disguises—strict justice, public service, organising energy and social work, among others—and can assume unexpected shapes; already it achieves more than is generally recognised, it must ultimately dominate all human activity; and when the affairs of the world are really controlled in harmony with the spirit of Love, the millennium will have come.

And it is this same millennium that Tolstoy believes shall be brought about by Art.

G. Hilda Pagan

## NOW—AND TO COME

THE shadowy wings of war enfold the earth.  
Shrouded in darkness, she speeds along her path,  
A globe so sorrowful that her sister-stars  
Shudder at her approach, and in her wake  
An icy wind disturbs the ether.

Sorrow and pain greet one another,  
Hatred and cruelty go hand-in-hand.  
Their eyes flame and their brows are dark,  
They stride over the mountains,  
And at their coming the waters are poisoned, and the plains  
[are a grey desolation.  
For the voice of war rises upon the wind—  
A voice so terrible that the souls of men  
Are shocked out of their bodies, and wander dumbly,  
Estranged from the warm homes that once were theirs.

Yet there are other voices.  
Youth and self-sacrifice now make a song—  
A song of courage that flings scorn in the face of the Grim  
[Angel,  
Courage that laughs 'neath the hand of the Angel of Pain,  
Courage that forgets self and dies magnificently,  
Hastening to give all, all that it has to give,  
In the great cause of Humanity.

When the voices are stilled,  
When the wind of war has died down,  
When Peace arises from the grave  
Where she has long slept with her parasites, Sloth and  
[Selfishness and Love-of-Ease—  
What voice will then ring out over the desolate earth?

The voice of Love will be heard at the sunrise,  
The hand of Love will heal all suffering,  
The tears of Love will water the desert places,  
And the heart of Love will beat among the stars.

EVA MARTIN



## BEETHOVEN: A STUDY IN KARMA

By JESSIE WAITE WRIGHT

**B**EETHOVEN, born in a garret, beaten about by a brutal father, made to earn money by playing in beer gardens and dance halls while yet a child, waked in the middle of the night and made to practice, exploited and betrayed by selfish and self-seeking brothers, cajoled and rejected by capricious women, heart-broken in early manhood because of almost total deafness—this

Beethoven was the greatest musical genius the modern world possesses. In the silence of his thought-world were born the wonderful sounds that electrify us to-day. His was a stormy karma, we say, meaning that his life was full of "stress and storm," of grief and bitter disappointment. Joy was his as well, and wondrous glimpses of a future happiness, not alone for himself, but for all humankind. "Karma?" some of you will ask, "what is that?" I answer: "The Law, the great Law of compensation. It never rests, it is a law of cause and effect, of action and reaction, of ebb and flow. It is the law of justice. The sun shines and the rain falls on the just and the unjust, on the rich and the poor alike. Nature equalises all things."

Had Beethoven been brought up in luxury, devoted to drinking, duelling and the other pursuits of the German student corps of his native town of Bonn, think you we should have the melting melody of the Moonlight Sonata, or the divine dignity of the Pathétique, as our heritage and our joy? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The pepper-plant will not give birth to roses, nor the sweet jasmine's silver star to thorn or thistle turn." This is the law of Karma, and it runs through all our lives.

Emerson says, in that incomparable essay of his on Compensation, that for everything you have missed you have gained something else: "The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalise themselves." Sometimes this truth is patent to us in the lives of our heroes and demi-gods, and in our own lives, for is not the life of hero and demi-god



lived over again by us, consciously or unconsciously ? And sometimes it is hidden deep and must be dug up from beneath much rubbish of passion and error, much debris from the wreck of a storm-swept life. Thus it was with Beethoven, master music spirit of the Ages, the passion flower of music. It matters not to us when nor where he was born, for Spirit is eternal, is never born and never dies.

It is not for us to ask why this wondrous spirit, so alive, so sensitive to all beauty, should have been encased in an undersized, ugly body, with an unbeautiful temper and a venomous tongue, instead of being endowed with the grace and charm of a Mozart or a Mendelssohn. It is one of life's mysteries, and what boots it ? The contrasts in his character give us the wonderful contrasts in his music, the bold dissonances and modulations, rhythmical thought-effects never dreamed of before and never equalled since. The thunderstorm that raged in his soul gave us that passionate storm in the Pastoral Symphony. This is no so-called descriptive music, no stage thunder or mock lightning, no make-believe, but the real thing, an expression of utmost feeling quieting down as the infinite Spirit calms the tumult of the mind and the birds of hope and love trill forth a song of thankfulness and peace : at last there is rest.

The widest range of feeling is expressed in his music, in fact it is not too much to say that he introduced feeling into instrumental music. Mozart took the forms laid down by Haydn, the father of the symphony, and enlarged and enriched them, making the most beautiful music the world had ever known up to that time, but Beethoven takes us through the whole gamut of human feelings and experiences, makes us think,

weep, smile and suffer, yet at the end leaves us satisfied, calmly happy. Rubinstein says: "His music emanates not from a human being, but as from an invisible Titan, who is filled with joy, who now rejoices over humanity, now is offended, who laughs and again weeps, a supernatural being not to be measured." And still, such are human limitations that it was with much labour and in sore travail that his immortal children came into the world. Not all at once, fully clothed, did they emerge from his thought, as Minerva from the brain of Jove. His sketch-books show that measure after measure was rewritten many times before the casket seemed worthy the jewel of his inspiration. So it is always. It is work that wins. However great the genius, work makes it greater. God means us to work—and win.

At twenty-eight years of age Beethoven was hopelessly deaf. His sensitive soul was almost submerged by this sorrow, so much it meant to him, such sacrifice of sweet sounds, such severing of companionships, such subjections to misunderstandings. And yet this very affliction, weaning him away from the gay and happy life he yearned for, drew him nearer to the source of his inspiration, developed in him a sublime discontent, a noble contempt for the pettiness of human life, and opened up to him that inner vision of a higher life within—a life of freedom, hope, joy. To him the true religion was love of humanity, and his motto was *God before all*.

He has been accused of being irreligious because he chose for his prayer book *Thoughts on the Works of God in Nature*, because the woods and fields were his temple wherein he offered up the sweet incense of his song and received divine inspiration in return. And

the music in which he has immortalised these experiences—how many lives have been enriched, ennobled, sanctified by it.

He believed in the *I am*. He kept constantly on his work-table these lines, framed under glass: "*I am that which is. I am all that is, that has been, and that shall be. No mortal hand has lifted my veil. He is by himself and it is to him that everything owes existence.*" This inscription, found in a temple at Sais, in Egypt, dedicated to the Goddess Neith, so impressed Beethoven as to become part of his very existence.

Far from being illiterate, as has been supposed, he was a thorough student along lines which interested him. "Plato's *Republic*," says Schindler, "was transfused into his flesh and blood." He was an ardent republican at heart, and took great interest in America's struggle for independence. His literary idols were Homer, Plutarch, Shakespeare and Goethe. He was an individualist and a humanitarian. He was sufficient unto himself and yet a devout believer in the brotherhood of man. He was a dreamer and a worker. He was one of those of whom it is said :

We are the music-makers  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers  
And sitting by desolate streams;  
World-losers and world forsakers  
On whom the pale moon gleams;  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world, for ever, it seems.  
With wonderful, deathless ditties,  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story,  
We fashion an empire's glory;  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And *three* with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying  
 In the buried past of the earth,  
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
 And Babel itself in our mirth;  
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
 To the Old of the New World's worth;  
 For, each age is a dream that is dying,  
 Or one that is coming to birth.

He dreamed of a future when all men should be brothers, and we are told that the *Finale* of the Ninth Symphony is the musical expression of the dream and of the wish. His final note is always one of triumph, of rest, never of uncertainty or of unrest, as in Chopin's mournful melody; and so he found, always, at the last his compensation.

His the privilege to stand on the watch-tower and to sound forth to a waiting world the "*Everlasting Yea*". "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." If all is well with the world, the individual must know that all is well with him also, since he is a part of the whole. He must feel this in spite of the fact that he suffers; even the agony which seems past bearing must be borne. He must learn to say: "All is Love! All is Law."

If in the fulfilling of the Law  
 I am broken, bruised and bent,  
 I must know it is best so,  
 And be content, and be content.

For:

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,  
 Which none at last can turn aside or stay;  
 The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
 Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms! The immortal Trinity in music. Bach, the foundation; Beethoven, the flower; Brahms, the future hope, the carrying on of the note of spirituality sounded by Beethoven.

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms ; and the greatest of these is Beethoven. Why ? Because of his humanism, because he voices the longing and love of the human heart in no uncertain tones. When humanity has *arrived*, as the French would say, when our evolution has progressed through many stages, when the new Sixth Race has been born and has taken its place in the history of the ages, we shall be ready for Brahms. Brahms the mystical, Brahms the subtle, Brahms the dweller on the loftiest mountain peaks of consciousness.

Those of us who are students of Theosophy can understand how a master like Beethoven, suddenly plunged into surrounding materiality from the creative heights of genius, from converse with the gods, should appear strange, uncanny, to the ignorant bystander. When the divine ecstasy possessed him, he would sing aloud and beat his breast, as he walked bareheaded through the streets. When he was made to realise where he was by the coarse and mocking derision of the crowd, he would turn from them in contempt and flee in terror to the woods and fields where, under the open sky, much of his best work was done. It is said that "when the master could lift up his shaggy head to the sky and cry aloud all undisturbed, he both heard and *saw* the sounds he sang". Sounds to some are invisible symbols of form and colour. Beethoven's heart was filled with love, with divine, unselfish love, love of his kind and of all nature. He wrote to his friends : "Forgive me, then, if you see me turn away when I would gladly mix with you. For me there is no recreation in human intercourse, no sweet interchange of thought. In solitary exile I am compelled

to live. When I approach strangers a feverish fear takes possession of me, for I know I shall be misunderstood. But Thou, O God, lookest down upon my inward soul! Thou knowest, and Thou seest that love for my fellow men and all kindly feeling have their abode here. Patience. I may get better; I may not; but I will endure all until death shall claim me, and then joyously will I go."

Music is both a science and an art, and it is because Beethoven in his music weds the two, that he will be understood for all time. Wagner says: "Melody has by Beethoven been freed from the influence of fashion and changing taste, and raised to an ever-valid purely human type." Before Beethoven, music was an experimental science and an artificial art. Bach laid the broad foundations, but it remained for Beethoven to build the perfect temple. Sir Hubert Parry says: "Inspiration without methods and means at its disposal will no more enable a man to write a symphony than to build a ship or a cathedral. What is needed is the perfect balance of expression and design. This Beethoven gives us."

Tennyson tells us, in that strong story of the evolution of a soul, that vision of individual freedom and universal peace, that poem said by some to be the finest in the English language, "Locksley Hall":

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger  
 And the individual withers, and the world is more  
 [on the shore,  
 [and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears  
 Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness  
 [a laden breast,  
 [of his rest.

Knowledge is the accumulation of facts. Wisdom the transmuting of facts into faculty or power through experience. We who are students of the Ancient Wisdom try thus to transmute our experience into power, and that power into peace, the peace that passeth understanding. *Peace to all beings.*

Beethoven bore his karma well. If he seemed morose and peculiar to those who knew him none too well, it was because of the inner struggle, the longing for love, for light, for truth, for peace. The longing, the love, the light and the peace are all portrayed for us in his marvellous music. He made amends for many mistakes. He made return of love for abuse. He forgave those who reviled and spitefully used him. He was human; he tried to be divine. For thousands of weary souls he has helped to make life more beautiful, more bearable. He has helped to lift the heavy karma of the world.

Master ! It is well with thee.

Jessie Waite Wright

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## GOD THE ONLY REAPER

BY AN IRISH CATHOLIC

AN Irish legend tells us that when St. Brigid coaxed from the king as much land as her neckerchief would cover, it was found, in stretching the garment out, that it spread over an acre of land, upon which she was able to build the Church she had in mind. There is a saying of St. Paul: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; which is like the Saint's neckerchief, not only because it can be widely extended but because on it we can build, not exactly a Church, but a whole Theosophy, a guiding principle through life.

Great is the confidence of the farmer as to his sowings. From barley seed will come forth barley; from oats, oats; and so on. And seed badly sown will produce a thin crop, whereas careful seeding brings a sure and more abundant harvest. Thus in agriculture effect follows cause with mathematical exactness and certainty, because of some hidden law of which the world knows little. Why should we conclude that the operations of this great law are confined to agriculture? Are there no seed and soil and harvest save those with which the farmer deals?

We know what the Christ referred to when He spoke of sowing and reaping (*Matt.* xiii, 24). He had in mind every thought and act of a man's life. Thoughts and acts



are the seeds we scatter every day, every hour. They are each and all followed by a result. Ill thoughts lead to ill acts from which an evil harvest is sure to come. And if our thoughts are good the resulting crop will be the same; and if the seed of good thoughts is plentiful the harvest of good will be bountiful.

Most men and women to-day have hesitated to take the Christ at His word. They declined the Divine bargain He offered. And as a result the world is full of trouble and sorrow, despair and confusion.

If Man only had Faith; if he could only bring himself to trust in the Divine assurance of the Christ; a new light would break on the world. He would then see that the accidents, the strokes of Fate, that brought him trouble and confusion, were no haphazard blows from chance, but all part and parcel of his life and its deserts.

"Burden not the back of Aries, Leo or Taurus with thy faults," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, "nor make Saturn, Mars, or Venus guilty of thy follies." We are wise when we recognise that our Fate in business and in everything else lies in our own hands. We are the architects and builders of our fortune, as Longfellow pointed out in his sweet verse. The common experience of life proves that all men who deserve to get on are sure to prosper. The world, in short, is governed by Law and not by Luck. There are cases that seem exceptions to this rule, but they only seem so. When we enquire fully about them we discover hidden facts that confirm us the more strongly in our belief in the great Law.

Animated by this new faith a man would face the world with hope and courage. Whole-heartedly always

and everywhere would he bend himself to his work, the work that lies next to his hand, as Carlyle called it, entirely indifferent as to wages or profit, knowing that a full and ample reward would follow, that, in fact, he could not escape it if he tried.

Emerson, the great American Seer, emphasised this truth. He had in mind those humble employees toiling all day long for little wage and less acknowledgment, and thinking they were deserted by the world and forgotten. But God never forgets; not even is the humblest of us out of His Mind for a single moment. "If you serve an ungrateful master," says Emerson, "serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the debt is withholden, the better for you, for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer."

If this great truth could only become universally known and accepted, it would bring hope and comfort to millions of poor toilers. Trade Unions might not all at once disappear, but men would learn to appeal in their hearts from the employer they distrusted to the Great Master of all on whom they relied. Knowing that in the long run no employer could defraud them, they would harbour no bitter feelings, but continue their work with confidence and goodwill.

And the employer, when he learns the great truth and accepts it, will be a different man. For him also Emerson has golden words: "It is always the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents and your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the

universe—to receive favours and render none. The benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent.”

This new faith enables us to drive away the demon of fear that has been so productive of evil in the world. The children of fear are coats of mail, locks and keys, barred doors, policemen, armies and navies, lawsuits, wars, etc., a foul progeny indeed. When we learn to trust in the Divine assurance, we shall scrap our fleets and all the rest. Nothing can come to us but what God wills, and He will send us only the punishment we deserve. With our fears we built up most of the evil things on earth, and they will remain with us until we get rid of the fears.

Above all we must get it out of our heads that any outside force can injure us wrongly. There is no outside force but God, and He will send us only the fruit of our sowing. “Men,” says the American Sage, “suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.”

A man's true wealth is the result of his work; it is part of himself, and he can no more be robbed of it than he can be separated from his shadow in the Sun. When he realises this he will rely no more on bolts and bars, on locks and safes, on police and soldiers.

He will understand also that any ill will towards him in the world is solely a reply to his own ill will in the present or the past. It is a product of his own sowing, the fruit of his own thinking. If he has to suffer anything from it, he must bear it without grumbling as something he himself has earned. It is an effect

flowing naturally from a cause. If he replies to it with a blow, he is only sowing further ill seed. If he recognises it, as he should, as coming as directly from the hand of God as the harvest in the autumn, he should not be angry or vengeful. He must learn the wisdom of turning the other cheek.

To beginners this is by no means easy. Our mental body in the past was fed on such unsound, unhealthy thoughts. Those thoughts are still there, at least many of them are, and they govern our sub-conscious mind. By continuous thinking along right lines we shall in due course alter the constitution of our mental bodies. We shall oust the wrong thoughts and put the sound, healthy ones in their place. At present in every decision we have to take, those wrong thoughts influence us more or less, and it is only when we have thoroughly supplanted them that our mental bodies will be the perfect instruments that in our better moments we want them to be.

And the more learned amongst us must be interested to realise that the teaching of the Christ in this connection is supported and largely endorsed, not only by the American Emerson but by philosophers like Berkeley, Kant and Hegel, and the rest. They did valuable work in rousing a materialistic age out of the ignorant complacency with which it regarded, loved and almost worshipped the objective world. What a rude shock it must have been to materialists to learn that there were grave doubts as to whether the objective world existed at all. Berkeley aimed at convincing his followers that a man has only to deal with his own thoughts and with God, and the teaching of the Kantian School was largely in the same direction. Turning to

the East, we find the same great truth taught with greater clearness, greater knowledge and deeper conviction. From the Vedas and other sacred writings of the East we learn that for man nothing really exists but his Higher Soul and the Cosmic Soul, and that these two are in reality One. In the East it is taught with greater emphasis that a man reaps as he sows. Because of the religious doctrines held by the people, the value of thought and its possibilities are better understood. There the people appreciate the effective use that can be made of right thinking. We in the West also must learn to realise that the important thing for man is to think rightly, and that he has in his own hands the selection of his thoughts. He must realise that his thinking and acting are the sowing to which the Christ referred, and that for the real punishment or reward for his thinking and acting he must look, not to any relative or neighbour near or far, but to the Absolute. God and God alone is the great Reaper, the eternal Reaper of all harvests, great and small.

An Irish Catholic

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## A SONG IN SEASON

### I

A time for laughter, a time for fear,  
A time to gather the growing corn,  
And now the time for us to tear  
The Veil of Night from the rising morn.

### II

The Sun that set in the West has risen  
Long since in the land of the rising sun,  
But shadows still from the West imprison  
Our souls in the night of a work undone.

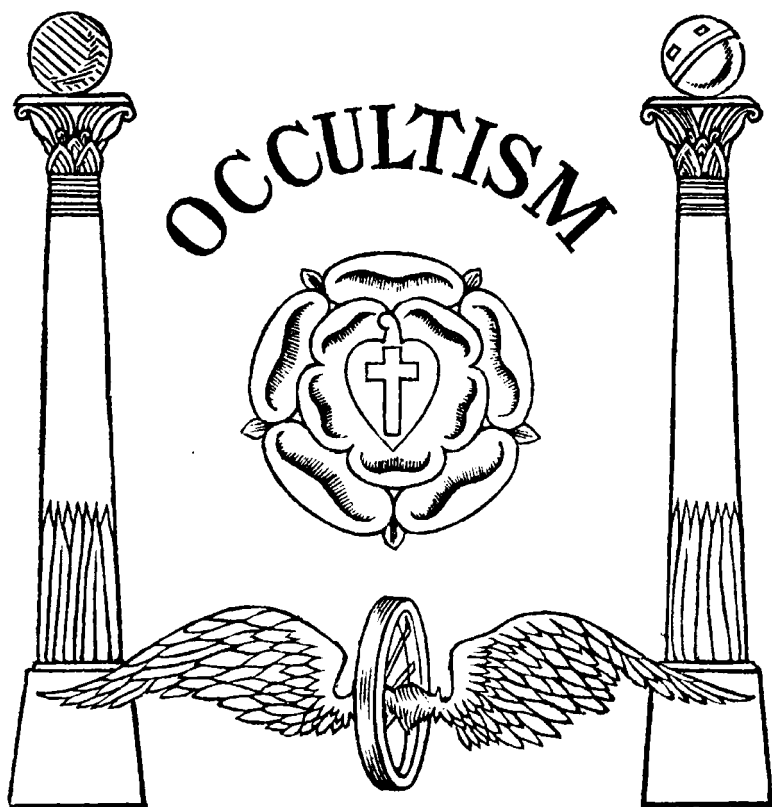
### III

A world in pain, a world in labour,  
A wonder child soon to be born,  
But on our lips the same sad savour,  
Of bitter poppy, of musty corn.

### IV

Wake, for the sun burns overhead,  
Rise, for the time of serving is here,  
Live, for new life quickens the dead,  
Work, for the time of harvest is near.

JIVAN LAL KATHJU



## MAGIC IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By HOWARD E. WHITE

THE Christian Church, as it now exists, divides itself into two sections, when regarded not only from the standpoint of theological doctrine, but from that of practical life considered in its most essential features. This division is into Catholic and Protestant, and if we take these terms in their broader sense, leaving on one side all questions of detailed belief, we shall see that it is due to the fact that Catholic Christianity has as its

basis the Sacramental Principle, whereas in the Protestant Churches this principle is not found. It is true that the latter have two sacraments, Holy Communion and Baptism, but the one is but the outward expression of admission to membership, and the other merely a commemoration; whereas in the Catholic Church the sacraments act *ex opere operato*, i.e., by their own inherent virtue, or, in other words, the rites themselves, when performed by duly authorised persons, and with right intention, are sufficient to bring about the desired sacramental change in a man's nature.

We can, for our present purpose, consider the "Catholic Church" to be represented by the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches. The title "Catholic" is only claimed by a section of the Anglicans, the so-called High Church—and this claim is repudiated by the Roman Church; but in a consideration of the Sacramental Principle such disputes do not concern us. Further, we shall find that it is most convenient to take the Roman Catholic Church as representing "Catholicism," for the Greek Church only differs in matters of detail and in questions of jurisdiction, and the "higher" the Anglican Church, the nearer it approaches to the Latin. The word Catholic, then, as here used, is applied to the principles underlying the above Churches, but as exemplified in the Roman Catholic Church, and this apart from any of the vexed questions existing among the Churches themselves.

This Sacramental Principle dividing the Churches is said by Occultists to be but one of the manifestations of what is called Magic; and this, in fact, has been brought forward in disparagement of the occult view, it being claimed that to hold such an opinion is to



reduce the Christian sacraments "to the level of heathen magic".

Such a statement, however, is due to a misunderstanding of the term Magic, and it will be well to consider some definitions of the word. It is derived from a Greek root which meant the science and religion of the Magi, or Priests of Zoroaster; but this has become changed, and according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is "the general term for the practice and power of wonder-working as depending upon the employment of supposed supernatural agencies". Let us now look at some occult and esoteric meanings. Eliphas Levi tells us that "Magic is the traditional science of the secrets of nature which has been transmitted to us from the Magi". Mrs. Annie Besant states that "Magic is the use of the will to guide the powers of external nature, and is truly, as its name implies, the great science". A most helpful account of its nature and value has been given by a modern Magician, Frater Perdurabo; he is speaking of the Mystic Path and its Goal, and says:

The Infinite is always present but veiled by the thoughts of the mind. . . . To attain knowledge of That it is only necessary to still all thoughts. . . . to attain perfect vigilance and attention of the mind, uninterrupted by the rise of thoughts. . . . Before concentrating the mind, the lower principle, one must concentrate the higher principle, the Will. . . . There are methods of training the will by which it is easy to check one's progress. The whole question has been threshed out and organised by wise men of old, they have made a science of life, complete and perfect, and they have given it the name Magic.

It is due to the failure to understand Magic in this sense, as the Great Science, that such objections as above stated have been made; and it is to avoid such misunderstandings and to distinguish true Magic from so-called Black Magic, Fortune-telling, Witchcraft, and

the like, from sleight-of-hand, etc., that Frater Perdurabo has recently proposed to adopt the old form of the word—"Magick".

From the above explanations and definitions we see that Magic consists in the use and the development of the will. In considering its connection with the Catholic Church we shall be concerned mainly with the former aspect, the use of the will to guide the powers of external nature, although its other form is also involved. The division of Magic into White and Black, depending upon the unselfishness or selfishness of the Magician, is well known and need not detain us; but we also have a division into Natural Magic and Ceremonial Magic, the one working directly by the force of the will, and the other, as its name implies, using rites and ceremonies to assist and strengthen the will. It is probable that to a highly developed man ceremonies are unnecessary in bringing about the desired magical results, although it would seem that to work directly must involve a far greater expenditure of energy than would be necessary if Ceremonial Magic were employed; and for the large majority, at any rate, ceremonies are essential, enabling results to be produced that would be otherwise unobtainable.

In Ceremonial Magic the will is assisted by an intense concentration of the mind, brought about by the nature of the ceremony itself, which is so arranged that every faculty and every sense is brought into play, and every impression made upon the mind repeats and recalls the one thing desired. Eliphas Levi tells us that "all faculties and all senses must share in the work, nothing has the right to remain idle; intelligence must be formulated by signs and characters and summed

by pentacles, will must be determined by words and must fulfil words by deeds, the magical idea must be rendered into light for the eyes, harmony for the ears, perfumes for the sense of smell, savours for the palate, objects for the touch; the Operator must become a magnet to attract the desired thing". The effect of this has been very well illustrated by a Brother of the A.:A.: as follows:

The will of the Magician may be compared to a lamp burning in a very dark and dirty room; first he sets to work to clean the room out, then he places a brightly polished mirror along one wall to reflect one sense, and then another to reflect another, and so on, until, whichever way he turns, up or down, to right or left, behind or before, there he sees his will shining, and ultimately so dazzling become the innumerable reflections that he can see but one great flame which obscures everything else.

To turn now to the Catholic Church. If we look back over its history we shall find this sacramental or magical principle existing from the earliest times. It is impossible to trace at all clearly the development of its rites, as there is very little evidence upon the subject, and even the documents which exist are silent to a very considerable extent with regard to the Sacraments and the most sacred doctrines and teachings. Altogether apart from any question of esoteric tradition, it is known that there existed what was called a "Discipline," which aimed at preventing sacred subjects from being profaned by those who were outside the Church; we find this, for instance, discussed by Cardinal Newman in his *Essay upon the Development of Christian Doctrine*. As an example we have the Mass divided into two parts, and after the first part the catechumens, unbaptised persons, and children were dismissed.

There seems good evidence for believing that in the early days Christian Mysteries existed, similar to

the famous Egyptian and Greek Mysteries ; among the Gnostics it is known that Initiations and Mysteries were found. As evidence it has been pointed out, for instance, that the technical terms of the Greek Mysteries are found throughout the Gospels, Epistles, and the writings of the early Fathers ; also that the language used throughout many of these writings implies, and often directly states, that there existed an inner and higher teaching for "those that are Perfect". Saint Clement says : "These are divine mysteries, hidden from most and revealed to the few who can receive them." Statements such as these are so frequent that a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* admits their existence and applicability to Mysteries within the Church, but, having started with the assumption that such did not exist, he is compelled to treat them as so much exaggeration and affectation. This question is, however, beside our present subject, and we must return to the other aspects of the Church.

There was a gradual growth and development of doctrine and practice, but the rites which we now have, existed in simpler forms in the earliest days. We can see this from such writings as those of St. Ignatius, dated by modern scholars about A.D. 120 ; and the sacramental, or magical, character can be clearly seen from such statements as that of Theodotus, about the year A.D. 165, where, speaking of the Consecrated Elements of the Mass, he says : "They remain the same in outward appearance as they were received, but by that power they are transformed into a spiritual power. So that the water, when it is exorcised and becomes baptismal, not only drives out the evil principle, but also contracts a power of hallowing." The great rites

of the Church are the Mass and the seven Sacraments : Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion, Matrimony, Penance, Orders, and Extreme Unction ; and they have been slowly elaborated until they reached their present state of perfection, and to the majority of people their elaboration of detail and beauty are unknown.

The Mass is the great central point of devotion, and according to the doctrine of the Church it consists in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Trinity incarnate, offered up to God in His undivided nature. This was offered once upon the Cross, and is now perpetuated in the Mass ; the latter being, however, a real sacrifice—one with that upon the Cross—and not a commemoration. In it, Christ is both Priest and Victim, and at the time of consecration the substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ. This is the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and it has been very much misunderstood. According to the scholastic terms in which it was defined, every object consists of “ substance ” and “ accidents,” the substance being the underlying Reality, of which we know nothing save that It is, It being out of all relation to time and space ; while the accidents are the qualities perceived by the senses, extension, appearance, taste, etc. Now in the consecration it is the substance only that is changed, the accidents remain in their normal condition. Cardinal Newman, describing this doctrine, tells us that the Body of Christ exists “ locally ” in Heaven, that is the glorified and risen Body which exists in space. In the Host, however, it exists “ in substance,” sacramentally and after the manner of a spirit in a body ; but as it does not exist in space, it cannot be said to descend upon the altars, nor

does it move when the Host is carried in procession, and also from this results the possibility of its appearance upon every Catholic altar throughout the world at the same time.

The Mass itself is divided into two parts : (1) The general preparation, the Epistle, Gospel, Creed, Sanctification of the bread and wine, or Offertory as it is called—not the consecration but the offering to God of the unconsecrated elements. Then follows the Lavabo—the ceremonial washing of the Priest, the Preface and Sanctus. (2) The Canon, or main action of the sacrifice, the consecration of the bread and then the wine, followed by the Communion, the latter being that of the Priest himself, forming the completion of the sacrifice. We cannot attempt to enter into any detailed consideration of the Mass, but in passing may note that if the ceremony is examined, it will be found that every part is designed to emphasise the one idea of the sacrifice, made possible through the “Real Presence” upon the altar; and this consecration of objects preserves them from the influences of evil spirits, and also imparts “a power of hallowing”.

Another point to be considered in all these ceremonies is the use of Latin. The use of mantras is well known in connection with the Eastern religions, but is frequently lost sight of in the Christian Church. The most important parts of the rituals of the Church should be considered as mantras, and hence as productive of a definite magical result, apart from their meaning as prayers; from which it follows, of course, that they cannot be translated without losing their value. These mantras would seem to be assisted to a remarkable degree by the Gregorian Plain Song developed and used

by the Church. A modern Catholic writer, Huysmans, has described the effect of one of the Offices sung in Plain Chant in a Trappist Monastery, he says :

The Office began. It was not chanted but declaimed. The one side of the choir made all the vowels sharp and short letters, the other on the contrary altered them all into long letters. Thus chanted it became strange, and ended in rocking like an incantation and soothing the soul, which fell asleep in the rolling of the verses, interrupted by the recurrent doxology.

But this aspect, of the magical effects produced by certain sequences of sound, which is the basis of the manṭra, opens up a whole subject in itself.

Howard E. White

*(To be concluded)*

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## JOAN OF ARC: A PRACTICAL MYSTIC

By J. GRIFFITHS

ONE of the most inspiring figures in mediæval European history is that of Joan of Arc, who was recently brought before the notice of the newspaper reading public through her canonisation by the Roman Catholic Church, which arose out of a petition made by the Bishop of Orléans in 1869. The matter has undergone many prolonged stages, including an enquiry at Orléans which lasted fourteen years. The final pronouncement took place in 1909. The Romish Church has officially, even if somewhat tardily, recognised the Maid of Orléans after a lapse of 478 years. Nevertheless, the Romish Church is in advance of the dogmatic scepticism of our age ; for some historians regard her as a deluded individual, whilst many people think of her as a rather mythical character. This is not to be wondered at, for truly hers was a life of marvels blended with the supernormal, so often incorrectly called the supernatural.

Yet there is not a single incident in European history of the last five hundred years more thoroughly authenticated than the life and experiences of Joan of Arc. During her trial she was closely questioned, and all her answers were recorded by the notaries appointed for that purpose. Twenty-one years after her death the



petition for her rehabilitation (for she had been excommunicated prior to her death) led to an enquiry which lasted over six months. Over 170 witnesses were heard, and much valuable evidence was brought forward by those who had known the Maid from her childhood onward, yet not a single well substantiated charge was brought forward against her, and all the evidence showed how deeply she was venerated by almost all who had known her.

To those who believe that unseen powers are ruling and shaping the world, it will be interesting to learn from a celebrated historian that

France in that period was a profoundly religious country; there was ignorance, superstition and bigotry, but there was Faith—a Faith that itself worked true miracles, even while it believed in unreal ones. At this time, also, one of those devotional movements began among the clergy in France, which from time to time occur in National Churches without it being possible for the historian to assign any adequate human cause for their immediate date or extension. Numberless friars and priests traversed the rural districts and towns of France, preaching to the people that they must seek from Heaven a deliverance from the pillages of the soldiery and the insolence of the foreign oppressors.

The idea of a Providence that works only by general laws was wholly alien to the feelings of the age. Every political event, as well as every natural phenomenon, was believed to be the immediate result of a special mandate from God. This led to the belief that His holy angels and saints were constantly employed in executing his commands and mingling in the affairs of men. The Church encouraged these feelings; and at the same time sanctioned the concurrent belief that hosts of evil spirits were also actively interposing in the current earthly events, with whom sorcerers and wizards could league themselves and thereby obtain the exercise of supernatural power.

This indicates the favourable state of the public mind to accept the Divine interposition through the instrumentality of Joan, and those who did not believe her to be inspired by superhuman beings were ready

enough to regard her as the instrument of the powers of evil.

The country was politically in one of the last stages of national extremity. The Dauphin had not been crowned, and three-quarters of France was under the sway of Henry VI of England, who had been declared King of France by his Burgundian allies. Orléans was the only large town loyal to the Dauphin, and it was the key to Southern France. Prior to Joan's arrival there its position seemed quite hopeless, for famine was looming ahead. Meanwhile the Dauphin dallied with his court at Chinon, letting national affairs drift. The extinction of France as an independent nation seemed inevitable; all her Generals had been entirely unsuccessful. The suitable man to infuse new life into the nation was not forthcoming, so the Higher Powers chose a woman—a mere girl—as an instrument whereby to accomplish their work, for France had a future before it.

In the year 1412, in Domremy, Joan was born. Her father was a well-to-do peasant, a dark, stern man, inclined to be gloomy and morose. Her mother trained her in household duties and the art of spinning and weaving, whilst she also taught her the devotional exercises of the Church. As a child Joan was eminent for piety and purity of soul, also for her compassion for the sick, poor or suffering; she was ever ready to aid, and much given to prayer and devotional exercise in the village church. When thirteen years of age, she said “a voice from God came near to her to help her in ruling herself”. She heard voices more frequently than she saw visions; the usual time she heard them was when the church bells were sounding for prayer.

They always spoke soothingly to her, their Presence gladdened her even to tears. They told her that France would be saved and that she would save it. As she grew older the visions became more frequent, yet she never mentioned them to anyone, for the voices bade her to be silent.

When she was about seventeen years of age the voices ordered her to leave home and go to Captain de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs, and he would send her to the king. She revealed her mission to her parents, who would not believe in it. But her uncle accompanied her to Vaucouleurs. After seeing her, de Baudricourt, who thought the maid to be mad, told her uncle to take her home and give her a good whipping. Yet her faith in her mission never faltered, although she was laughed at as the maid who was going to save France. She had the will to believe; the greatness of the task did not deter her, but she was simple enough and strong enough to do just as she was told. In her difficulty Joan resorted to prayer and spent whole days in the little church. Gradually the villagers were won by her sweetness, piety and devotion, sustained by the firm assurance of her divine mission. News of a further defeat of the French arrived, and de Baudricourt, although he never expressed belief in her mission, recognised that she might be useful. Perhaps, of the many souls who have been divinely commissioned to carry out important work in the world, few have suffered more keenly from ridicule, as well as unbelief, than Joan, and nobody believed in her less than her own family at first. Later on, some of her officers were unwilling to obey her commands, for how could she know anything of war; but when her sagacity was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, they declared her to be

a witch. Perhaps the first stage of the Maid's career marks one of her greatest victories. She wore down doubt and ridicule by non-resistance, but meanwhile she steadily pursued her purpose. She insisted that she alone could save France, that it was God's will she should go the king, although she herself would rather remain with her poor mother and spin. On the morning of her departure from Vaucouleurs she assumed the arms and apparel of a knight, as bidden by her voices, and as she sat upon her horse with quiet and gentle dignity, she was asked: "Are you not afraid?" In her clear sweet voice, which even her enemies allowed was womanly, she said: "I was born to do this."

Seven in all, the little band rode off to accompany Joan to the king, and it is related that her wonderful purity and childlike simplicity made the deepest impression on her escort. One of her greatest charms was the entire absence of self-consciousness; she was as simple as a child, a mixture of simplicity and courage which appealed to the chivalrous knights of her escort. When they arrived at Chinon, the Dauphin refused her an audience. Joan was not deterred, but resorted to prayer, and three days later a small body of armed men arrived from Orléans and asked the king if he had heard of the wonderful maid. This strongly affected many of Charles's commanders, and he sent a commission to interview her; when, after a careful examination, they reported they could see no wrong in the maid, he consented to receive her. She was brought to the room where Charles was mingling with some three hundred of his courtiers. He had purposely dressed in unattractive garments, yet she instantly singled him out, and kneeling before him said:

“Noble Dauphin, the King of Heaven sends me to you, to raise the siege of Orléans and crown you king at Rheims.” Joan’s simple dignity carried her triumphantly through what would have been to most people a very trying ordeal. Little resulted from her first visit, although messengers were sent to her home to make enquiries concerning her. Later on, a commission of the Paris University was appointed to examine her at Poitiers, and Joan’s quiet dignity and wisdom astonished them. One learned Dominican asked her, if she came from God, why did she ask for men-at-arms, for God could work without human means. Joan answered: “The men will fight, but God will give the victory.” The commission reported favourably, yet the Dauphin still vacillated, whilst the Maid meanwhile spent much of her time in prayer, when not occupied in learning how to use the weapons of war. Finally the Dauphin presented her with a suit of white armour and a stately black war-horse; then she requested that a messenger might be sent to Fierbois, for there would be found a sword with five crosses graven on the blade, buried behind the altar. This sword was brought to Joan, and she also had a banner embroidered according to the instruction given by her voices. With the banner in her hand she rode at the head of the force placed at her disposal, admired, loved and revered by the soldiery.

Now wherein did her power lie? In the absolute conviction she carried with her, also in her purity of motive and perfect integrity. No one seemed to think her a self-seeker. Her remarkable powers of intuition enabled her to appoint the most trustworthy people to the important positions, yet it is related that she did

not interfere much with manœuvres of the troops, always leaving them to Dunois her chief in command. In the matter of moral discipline she was inflexibly strict; chaplains and priests marched with her. No foul language or oaths were allowed to pass without censure or punishment, and both Generals and men had to attend regularly at confession. She kept her men well braced morally and physically, so that they were ready for instant and effective action; even the roughest and most hardened veterans obeyed her and put aside the life they had been wont to live in those times of bloodshed and rapine, for they felt that they were going forth under a new influence to a nobler career. They acknowledged the moral beauty and holiness of the Heaven-sent Maid. Even the terrible La Hire, noted for his violence and swearing—a habit that had such a hold on him that Joan permitted him to swear by his staff—even he daily partook of the sacrament, kneeling at the side of Joan whenever possible. A sign of great promise was the devout love and reverence with which the soldiers regarded her. When asked at her trial what spells she used, she answered: “I used to say to them: ‘Go boldly in among the English,’ and then I used to go boldly in myself.” Such was her spell, the spell of moral force.

When all was ready, a detachment with a convoy of provisions left for Orléans; they entered the city as Joan had foretold, without any resistance from the English, who seemed to be paralysed with fear. That night a feast was held; the Maid did not attend, but as usual partook of a piece of bread, and this extreme abstemiousness characterised her short life throughout. The next morning she rode

through the city in solemn procession, clad in complete armour and mounted on a white horse ; the whole population thronged around her, and men, women and children strove to touch her garments. Joan spoke gently in reply to their acclamations and addresses ; she told them to fear God and trust in Him. Then again she resorted to prayer. On the following day she sent heralds to the English, summoning them in the name of the Most High to give up the forts to the Maid who was sent by Heaven. Later on, she repeated the summons in person, but they told her to go home to her cows, abusing her with such foul language that she wept for shame. Although vaunting loudly, they so strongly realised the power of Joan's presence, that when the French army arrived with a further convoy of provisions, they made no attempt to attack it, but cowered behind the walls of their forts as Joan and La Hire passed with their troops. Thus, whilst the French were being strengthened by the unifying forces of love and reverence for the Heaven-sent Maid, the English were shaken and distracted by the separative forces of fear and hate with which they regarded her whom they termed a witch. The French were being reinforced morally, whilst the shattering force of hate worked its way through the English camp. Fully considered, this explains the breaking up of the well tried English veterans, without resorting to supernatural explanations. The next day an attack was made on one of the forts without Joan's knowledge and whilst she slept. When awakened by her voices she made straight for the conflict. On her way she met numbers of the wounded being carried into the city. The sight of their suffering made her weep, yet she did not flinch, but entered

bravely into the conflict, turning the tide of victory against the English by the inspiring effect she had upon her soldiers. Altogether several forts were taken, and on one occasion Joan was wounded by an arrow in the shoulder just as she herself had foretold. She fell into a ditch, when the English thought her killed. However, she was carried away and the wound was dressed; she cried a little during the operation, but afterwards returned to the fight, much to the dismay of the English, who shortly after surrendered. On the fourth day the siege was raised.

In four days the Maid had accomplished what had been regarded as utterly impossible. Having fulfilled the first part of her promise in less than three months, the enthusiasm of her countrymen knew no bounds, for had it not been prophesied many years before that France should be saved by a woman? The English were equally well aware of this prophecy, and great must its effect have been upon them as they suffered defeat after defeat. The day on which they retired from Orléans was a Sunday. Prior to their departure they formed themselves in battle array before the city and the French wished to attack them, but Joan refused permission. She then led the citizens and the army forth in solemn procession round the city walls; then they knelt and gave thanks for the deliverance vouchsafed. Joan left Orléans to meet Charles, and begged him to come to Rheims to be crowned; but he would not consent, for much of the intervening country was in the hands of the enemy. She was sorely disappointed, but gave up her wish and set about clearing the country of the enemy. "Sire," we are told she said to Charles, "I can scarcely last another year, make



good use of me while you may." In vigorous pursuit of her campaign several towns were stormed, others surrendered, whilst a most disastrous defeat was inflicted on her foes in open battle at Patay, where an ambushade was rendered ineffective by a stag rushing from the open into the forest. The noise and disturbance of the frightened animal betrayed the position of the English, who were defeated before a juncture with their other forces could be effected. After the victory at Patay, Charles journeyed to Rheims, and there the coronation took place with imposing ceremony in the great cathedral; Joan, with the embroidered banner in her hand, standing at the side of Charles.

Her mission was accomplished, and she hung up her armour in the cathedral and begged permission to return home. Charles was not willing to lose so valuable a servant, so he persuaded her to stay on. Subsequently she fought in many engagements with conspicuous courage, but the Maid now no longer believed herself to be a minister appointed by Heaven to lead her countrymen to victory. Two or three slight reverses were experienced, and on one occasion a severe defeat was suffered; then, later on, whilst heading a sally outside the walls of Compiègne, the retreat was cut off by the Burgundians, and after a severe fight Joan was captured. After the king was crowned the unbroken successes had ceased, and many had begun to lose faith in the Maid, yet it is remarkable that after her capture not a single attempt of any kind was made to effect her rescue. She nearly managed to escape, but was then removed to a castle in the forest where she was imprisoned in a tower. She again tried to escape by jumping from a window and falling sixty

feet to the ground, but although badly bruised and shaken, she was not seriously injured. This, Joan told her inquisitors at the trial, was the only occasion on which she disobeyed her voices, her extreme anxiety for her friends in Compiègne, about which she had heard bad tidings, moving her to try and escape. She was eventually handed over by the Burgundians to the English, who had commissioned Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, to give a sum equal to £23,000 for the witch. She was removed to a tower in Rouen, and there placed within an iron cage, chained in an upright position by hands and feet. She was allowed no privacy, and five of the roughest soldiers were always kept on guard in the room night and day, but she bore her suffering with great calmness and fortitude.

It was arranged to try her in open court on the convenient charge of witchcraft. Cauchon arranged the trial and picked his assessors carefully, but it soon became evident that a public trial must end favourably for Joan, although she had not been allowed an advocate in her defence. So a private examination was resorted to in order to convict her. Meanwhile the strain of the cruel treatment during the captivity had told upon her marvellous constitution, and her life was almost despaired of; but under the care of a physician she recovered, and was afterwards kept chained to a plank bed.

During the public trial and private examination many efforts were made to entrap her. On being asked which was the true pope—for at that time there was a second claimant—she answered: “Are there two popes?” Then, when asked why she, rather than another, was

chosen for the work, she answered with gentle dignity: "It had pleased the Lord to do so by a simple maiden." Cauchon found that they could not get any condemnatory evidence from her by ordinary means, so he wished to submit her to torture, but only three voted for it. Then a digest of the examination was drawn up in seventy articles, which were finally reduced to twelve, and the Maid was represented as a devil worshipper, traitress and coward. The majority of the assessors accepted these, but the minority said they were true *unless* Joan's revelations came from God. The Bishop of Avranches announced that nothing she affirmed could be rejected as impossible, for which he was thrown into prison as a partisan of France. Nevertheless the Maid was handed over to the secular arm, and that meant death by fire. When all had been prepared and the death sentence was being read, Loyscleur, the infamous priest who had endeavoured to obtain condemnatory evidence from her in confession, whispered to her that she might save herself by signing the document and putting on a woman's dress. This implied she was wrong in putting on a man's dress, for which she claimed to have God's command. Joan pleaded that she could not write, she was weak and fearful after months of suffering, and she allowed them to guide her hand to sign her name.

After being taken back to prison she was seized with grief because of her action, and vowed that she did not understand and never had understood what was in the form of abjuration she had signed; further: "What I said, I revoked through fear of the fire." This relapse to her former position sealed her fate. The following day, when told of her sentence an hour before its

execution, she cried out in great grief and said: "Alas, am I to be so cruelly and horribly treated?" Joan devoted the remaining time to prayer and the receiving of the sacrament, before being led to the stake with a hideous mitre upon her head bearing the inscription: "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater." She bore herself bravely towards the end, and died resignedly, calling upon her saints. It is related that Cauchon, the perfidious Bishop of Beauvais, just before the final act, left the scene weeping. After all was over, many of the crowd left in great grief saying: "We are all lost, for we have burnt a saint." Such was the closing incident of one of the darkest pages of English history.

The unanimous testimony of historians regarding Joan's transcendent heroism and devotion, along with her pure disinterestedness, are the surest test of her greatness of soul, for not a single instance is given into which we can read the motive of self-gratification. She died before her nineteenth birthday after a short but wonderfully inspiring career. Her whole thought was how to be of service. Not a single instance do we read of her own desires or her personality obtruding and hindering her work. When her power began to be realised, it was beyond the understanding of most men. The noble, loving and charitable, realised that it must proceed from a higher source; but the jealous and the fearful, the ignoble and superstitious, believed it to be witchcraft, or what we now term the black art, or black magic; for those who do not rise above what is ignoble are apt to think that it is impossible for others to do so. One marked feature of Joan's life was her source of inspiration, or the "Voices". The hearing of voices is generally considered an unfavourable sign by doctors,

and is looked upon as one of the first signs of a disordered mind, or madness. The madman, however, is unable to discriminate between the physical and the astral, he confuses astral entities with those existing on the physical plane; but there is not the slightest doubt that Joan was fully conscious that the voices were from the higher worlds. Myers writes :

We need not assume that the voices which she heard were the offspring of any mind but her own; yet on the other hand we have no right to class Joan's monitions, any more than those of Socrates, as incipient madness. To be sane, after all, is to be adjusted to our environment, to be capable of coping with the facts around us; tried by this test, it is Socrates and Joan who should be our types of sanity; their differences from ourselves lying rather in the fact that they were better able to employ their own whole being, and received a clearer inspiration from the monitory soul within.

To express the latter portion of this quotation in Theosophical terminology, we might say that the Higher Self—the Ego—was able to express very much more of itself in Joan than is usual amongst good men and women.

Sir Edward Creasy writes with a noble appreciation of Joan's heroism, but he endeavours to explain away her inspiration in a manner that expresses the scepticism of our day. He writes: "At length she believed herself to have received the supernatural inspiration she sought." In *Cassell's Popular History* another appreciative account is given. This writer states that "her own thoughts and hopes seemed to take audible voice and returned to her as assurances and commands of her saints". A similar explanation is given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Some excuse must be made if an explanation is beyond the power of the historian. But viewed in the

light our teachers bring to us, it is not difficult to explain reasonably the power possessed by the Maid; for she was a mystic, and all mystics claim to have a wider range of consciousness than the intellectual. Perhaps in most cases the mystic uses his wider range of consciousness to help him in his work as a spiritual teacher. In Joan's case she used her super-consciousness as the director of her practical work, and through it was enabled to act with a clearness, insight and decision quite beyond the more vacillating process of reasoning.

Professor W. James tells us that St. Ignatius was a mystic, but his mysticism made him assuredly one of the most powerfully practical human engines that ever lived. He also considers that the evidences for the mystic state of consciousness are so strong that "they break down the non-mystical or rationalistic state of consciousness based upon the understanding and the senses alone. They show it to be only one kind of consciousness. They open out the possibility of other orders of truth, in which, so far as anything in us vitally responds to them, we may freely continue to have faith." This is the summing up of a man who pursues his researches into the mass of mystical writings in a truly scientific manner. The evidence shows that there is a higher state of consciousness, that the mystic reaches it by other methods than the intellectual, and that this higher state of consciousness may be directed to what men term practical purposes. The practical mystic is more intensely practical and energetic than the practical but merely intellectual man, for the mystic can bring a greater force, gathered through his wider consciousness, to aid him in anything he undertakes, and

therefore he is a greater power for good or evil. There seems to be no evidence that Joan had any intellectual training worthy of the name, yet she was more than a match for her inquisitors at the trial. Again, she had no training in strategy or the tactics of war, yet after the first attack her officers deferred to her. Although she was quite unlearned, she was not warped by the desires of the lower self.

The Maid of Orléans was but a peasant girl; she could neither read nor write, but she had "ceased to hear the many"—her own lower desires and the desires of those around her. She was simple, strong, pure, loving and utterly devoted, for she had learnt "to discern the ONE, the inner sound or voice which kills the outer".

J. Griffiths

## A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By HELEN VEALE

IN the summer preceding the outbreak of the great war, two sisters made up their minds to spend a day of their holidays at Stonehenge ; not only to see that mighty monument of the past, but also to put to a practical test their own awakening powers of sensing the superphysical. They were in the happy position of being sometimes able to supplement each other's work, the one being able to exercise some clairvoyance, while the other could bring through a mental impression by means of writing—not exactly automatic, but spontaneous.

It was a hot day, and after a dusty walk from the country hotel in which they had spent a not-too-comfortable night, it was with some sense of disillusionment that they came at length on the stones—insignificant objects in the vastness of the surrounding plain, and guarded by a barbed wire fence from the intrusion of such sightseers as could not pay for the privilege of closer access.

Even within the magic enclosure, they could not at first put out of mind the tawdry modern setting, for the prosaic figure of a policeman loomed portentous, and his voice warned visitors not to stand on the stones, or otherwise molest them, while noisy parties of



Americans and natives frolicked around, and photographed each other against the Altar of Sacrifice as background.

The sisters despaired of attaining their object, but had no choice but to stay some hours, having made all arrangements to do so. Accordingly, they seated themselves in a central position, leaning against a recumbent stone, and were overjoyed to find that, as the lunch hour approached, the other visitors gradually dispersed, and they were left in undisputed possession, even the policeman thinking them sufficiently harmless in appearance to warrant his taking a short leave of absence.

Now then was the time, and the one sister opened her notebook. She had not long to wait before the question came: "What do you want to know?" Her mental questions then elicited the answers that her informants were Deva guardians of the place, and that the stones had been set up by an Atlantean race, about 17,200 B.C., but the date was rather hesitatingly given; it seemed to the writer that her own mental preconceptions, pronouncing such figures preposterously out of reason, here put a barrier to free information. She asked then if her sister could be shown something of what used to take place there, and the answer was that they were willing to help her. Almost immediately the other exclaimed that she could see a temple, in which a ceremony was taking place, but it was not in the open air, and the stones were nowhere visible. At once the explanation was supplied in writing that it was underneath, in a subterranean chamber, and that an ancient initiation ceremony was being performed. The clairvoyant then described the hierophant as wearing

a square head-dress, as seen on Egyptian mummy cases, and again the written commentary was that this was a branch of the Egyptian mysteries.

The temple was described as semicircular towards the east, the circle being completed by pillars evenly placed from the altar in the middle, while the western end was square. Prominent in the south was a very high door, going right up into the roof, and closely shut.

A candidate was brought in and led to the altar, where he was confronted by the hierophant, who held in his hand a dart or javelin. This he held by the middle, and suddenly cast at the candidate, who appeared to fall lifeless on the altar. An exclamation of horror escaped the witness of this violence, but reassurance was promptly given to the scribe, to the effect that he was not killed, but only temporarily driven from the physical body. As she read this aloud, her sister answered: "O yes! I see him standing in his astral body, and now the great South door is open, and the Sun shines down through the top, causing such curious shadows on the altar, like a cross." A moment later, she exclaimed that a cross was visible in the Sun, or rather a Svastika, moving round, and that the candidate had been drawn right up into the Sun, passing between the spokes of this wheel.

"Will he return?" they asked, and the answer came: "The priest will call him back at sunrise on the third day."

This ended the vision, and soon the stream of visitors recommenced, and the two sisters left.

On enquiry they found that it had been stated by H. P. Blavatsky, and corroborated by Mr. Sinnett,

that subterranean chambers existed under Stonehenge, though they had hitherto never come across the statement. Also, a curious passage was found in *The Secret Doctrine*, recalling the Svastika seen in the Sun. Moreover, some authorities ascribe an Egyptian origin to the temple, the antiquity of which also is beginning to be allowed to be much more hoary than used to be thought.

Such was an authentic experience of two novices in psychic investigation, recounted almost verbatim from the original notes. It was intended to seek further corroboration before giving them any publicity, but great things have intervened to hinder fireside study, and lest the episode should fade completely out of memory, it seemed worth while to record it, where at least it will undergo the test of criticism, and may be illuminated and supplemented by the researches of other students.

Helen Veale

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## LITTLE SEAWEED

By AHASHA

ON the bottom of the sea stood the palace of the sea-king. It was built of all kinds of shells in many colours. Here was an opening and there was an opening, through which the fishes swam in and out. There were no doors and windows.

Everything in the palace was very beautiful. The throne was made of coral; and the furniture was made of wood, which grew in the forests on the bottom of the sea. The wood was yellow and sometimes it spread out light. And if it was still too dark, the king gave order to his subjects, the mermen and mermaids, to bring light-spreading fishes, and then it was very snug and beautiful in the palace.

The palace was large, so large that you could nearly lose your way in it. There was also a large hall, and only the king was allowed to enter it. In this hall about a hundred bottles stood on shelves, and in every bottle was a jelly-like substance constantly moving to and fro; these were the souls of the drowned people, and the king preserved them.

The king was married, and had one little daughter: Seaweed. Little Seaweed was a kind, good girl; and she was always very obedient. She could play for

hours in the garden at the back of the palace and there she made cakes of the white sand.

Sometimes she went out for a drive on the back of a dolphin, but she liked best to listen to the stories of her mother. The queen sat with Little Seaweed in an arbour of seaweed and anemones; the queen was then making gowns or little baskets of sponge, and Little Seaweed sat very, very quiet at her feet. One day they were talking again to each other.

The queen told her about people on the earth, how they built ships and how they crossed the seas. But when a storm came on, the ship was sometimes wrecked, and the people who were on it sank down into the sea, deeper and deeper, till they came to the palace of the king. . . .

"And then?" Little Seaweed asked.

"Then? Yes, then the king takes them with him to the large hall, and he locks up the souls in the bottles."

"But . . . that . . . that is not very kind of him," Little Seaweed cried out.

"Be quiet, little one, he is your father, and you should not speak of him in this way." He has to do it, because he is the king of the sea. And if we don't get sons, your father and I, *you* will have to do the same when your father has died.

"But I won't, mamma dear," sobbed Little Seaweed, "please don't let me reign. I feel so sorry for those poor souls. Where is their home?"

"Far away with All-father."

"All-father?"

"Yes, darling."

"Shall I come there also?"

"That is impossible. You have no soul; only men, and animals, fairies, gnomes, and ghosts have souls; and if they are dead, their souls go to All-father."

"And when I die?"

"You will become sea-foam."

"Can't I get a soul?"

"It would be very difficult. You ought to do a very great deed. . . . But, dearest, be happy; you have got everything you want, you are princess of an immense kingdom, what else do you want?" "A soul," she thought, but she dared not say that to her mother.

That night Little Seaweed could not sleep at all. "Oh," she thought, "how splendid it would be if I had a soul and could go to that All-father of the story. He will be very kind, I suppose. But then I have to do a great deed. What have I to do then? What?"

"Seaweed, Little Seaweed!" suddenly she heard a little voice.

She looked up and saw a little man standing beside her. He was dressed in green, and had a green cap on his head. He looked just like a little frog.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" whispered Seaweed.

"I am a gnome, my name is Tula, and I will help you to do a great deed, that you may get a soul."

"Thanks ever so much, dear Tula," and she kissed him on his cheeks so full of wrinkles.

"Be quiet, you will wake the king, and if he sees me . . . ."

"But how do you know I want a soul?"

"The crocodiles told me, and the sharks told it to the crocodiles, and the sharks heard it when they were swimming about the harbour."

"What must I do, Tula?"

"You have to give their freedom to all the souls which are locked up in the bottles in the large hall, and after that you must flee with me."

"Flee? And leave father and mother?"

"Yes, if you really want to go to All-father you have to leave everything you love. Will you do that?"

She loved her father and mother dearly, so she thought it a hard thing to do. She loved the palace and the fishes so dearly. Her whole family had become sea-foam, why would she then have it different? She was born to rule over the mermen and mermaids.

"Tula, won't they despise me because I am of a family who really ought to become sea-foam?"

"No, little one, they will love you. In reality you first have to become a fish, but if you do a very great deed you can be an Undine directly."

"What is an Undine?"

"A kind of a water-fairy, small and delicate, and if you die you become a ghost and then an angel, and after many years you can go to All-father."

"You also?"

"I also."

"Very well, I'll go with you."

Tula helped her to fasten her frock, bound her blonde curls together, and then she went to the room where her parents were sleeping, and she kissed them long and fervently.

"Farewell for ever!" she sobbed.

Then they walked through several halls to the large hall where all the bottles stood. The hands of Little Seaweed trembled when she opened the first bottle.

Sjsjsj—, and the first soul flew away.

Sjsjsj—, another, and another, and so they all flew away.

“And what now?”

“Come with me directly.”

They clasped each other's hands lightly. First through the garden, and then through woods and meadows, where the sea-cows of the king were grazing.

On and on they went; at last it was growing dark, and the water didn't move any more.

“We have nearly reached the place,” sighed Tula.

“I am so tired. Let us rest here for a short time.”

They sat down near a coral-reef and ate and drank there.

“Look how the water is moving here,” exclaimed Little Seaweed.

“That is because we are near the shore.”

After some hours they had reached the shore and Tula shook the water from him.

“O Tula, are we now near All-father? How very beautiful it looks here. Just look how lovely sand is. And mountains . . . and what's that over yonder?”

“A ship; but let us go to the wood. I know a brook there, and near that brook lives an Undine. You must now also become an Undine.”

Little Seaweed couldn't get on very well at first. She had always been accustomed to live in the water, and so she could not walk at once as a gnome. When they came into the wood she got frightened, and she was very sorry she had left everything to get a soul. She asked Tula to return, but he said: “It is too late now. The souls are on the way to All-father, and the



king would be very, very angry. We can't return now, really we can't."

Tired and hungry, they reached the brook at last.

"Undine, Undine!"

The water was beginning to move, and slowly a woman rose up from it. She shook all the water drops from her body and looked with her pale blue eyes at Tula.

"Well, Tula, is there any news?"

"Good news, Undine," and now Tula told her the story of Seaweed.

"Poor Little Seaweed," sighed Undine. "Poor Little Seaweed. Are the souls saved?"

"They are saved."

"Is the little one here? All right, I'll help her."

Undine now came out of the water, her golden hair like a mantle around her. Her delicate, pink little wings moved to and fro in the evening air.

She approached Little Seaweed.

"Seaweed!"

Little Seaweed looked up.

Surely that was All-father. *So beautiful, so pure, so delicate!* Little Seaweed, who had never knelt before, knelt before Undine and bowed her head.

"Don't kneel before me, my dear, I'm only a water-fairy, an Undine, and you will be what I am. You have done a very great deed. You have left your father and mother, and now you'll get your reward, and get a soul."

Undine softly kissed Little Seaweed on the forehead, and it was as if she was taken up in the air and floated about in the universe.

When she dared to look up she floated softly hand in hand with Undine over the brook. She wasn't any

more hungry and she wasn't any more tired, and she felt she could sing, sing as an Undine.

Together they sang, and Tula accompanied the song upon a golden harp. Every evening he came back and they sang, and floated, and drank the dew . . . till death would come and they would become air-ghosts.

Ahasha

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

### I. LATTER-DAY ART

TO understand modern painting some acquaintance with the past history of art is essential, which is only another way of saying that if we wish truly to enter into the aspirations of the Futurists we must have some friends amongst "the Primitives," and know something of the happenings in the painters' world between their day and ours. Indeed the threads of past, present and future are so closely woven together that it is practically impossible to assert where any art movement has had its beginnings. Because it is a living spirit as well as an outward form, it appears as a continual flux. Many tributaries feed the main stream; the course varies; the channel deepens or becomes shallow, increases or decreases in breadth; but the current flows on unimpeded. Egyptian artists clasp hands with post-Impressionists, and the principles of "Synchromism" were present in the decorations of ancient Babylon.

It has been truly said that "every period in art contains within itself the germs of every movement, the seeds of its own dissolution and the germs of its succession". Hence no dogmas regarding the arts may be accepted blindly or looked upon as final. The

singling out of a particular phase or method which happens to dominate certain periods and labelling it "classic," tends to obscure the fact of this continuity. It obstructs the free expansion of new ideas by giving exaggerated importance to the old. It veils from the eyes the inextinguishable light of the eternal youth of art, and too often blinds men to the worth of the artists of their own period. Were it more commonly recognised that the evolution of life and the evolution of art are inseparable, all these tendencies to fossilise into the formal worship of mere conventions would be arrested, and the happiness of many a great master assured to him while living, instead of the empty posthumous fame which is, not always ungrudgingly, his.

Observation proves that this evolutionary process is dual: more and more complexity of form—technique, greater expansion of life—appreciation, pleasure, æsthetic rapture; and this process implies the preservation of the highest achievements of genius in the past and the destruction of forms which cannot expand in response to increased æsthetic stimulus. All the struggles of different schools and all the battles of artists with the public have been conflicts between the conventional and the novel, between accepted presentments and new methods.

The artists seem naturally to group themselves into two distinctly marked types, in which the Theosophist will recognise the temperaments of Occultist and of Mystic; and it is interesting to observe how constant is the reproduction of these types, which sometimes succeed and sometimes supplement each other in all great periods of inspiration. At one time it is the mystic-genius who occupies the stage, scoffed at by the public,

frequently on account of some defective technique, of which he is often quite as conscious as his critics. In spite of this, being more spiritually enlightened than they, he works in obedience to an impelling force from within, and becomes a fount of inspiration to scores of fellow artists in his own and succeeding generations. At another time it is the genius of occultist temperament who dominates his period. He is as a rule a man with great strength of character, remarkable versatility, insight and skill, and is usually endowed with the attractive qualities which create a magnetic personality. In his case the opposition he arouses is perhaps more virulent, for no fault can be found with his workmanship. His crime is the greater one; he is an iconoclast. "Away with your stupid and useless conventions," he cries, "I have other and finer forms to show you." And the bewildered people, finding their darling, painfully acquired idols thus derided, and fearing they may slip from their grasp, turn upon the insolent innovator and pour over him the vials of their righteous indignation. His life is one long battle, but in the end he succeeds in remodelling public opinion. The mystic type finds success in a spirit communicated, the occultist type in a truth embodied.

The unravelling of the tangled thread of latter-day art becomes simpler if these three points are kept in view: that the stream of art is continuous, that the evolution of art is a dual evolution, and that artists are the agents of forces which work along different but not antagonistic lines.

The history of European art has been broadly classified into four great periods: the period of the

primitives, which formed as it were the elemental essence of later forms, the period when line and form were especially studied and cultivated, the period when artists occupied themselves foremostly with the mastery of problems of light and shade, and lastly the period when attention was turned more especially to the analysis and development of colour. This classification obviously applies to painting, but there is evidence enough that in some of the sister arts this modern note is dominant, for poets, musicians and sculptors strive to express "colour," to create atmosphere in their work.

It is in this fourth period that latter-day art has its being—a period with many cycles, culminating in such an artistic upheaval at the beginning of the twentieth century as has not occurred before. The ordinary man has been quite unable to keep pace with the bewildering number of "sins" which have burst upon an astonished world in such rapid succession as to seem to have had simultaneous life, like sparks from the blow of a hammer. There have been Classicists, Romanticists, Idealists, Pre-Raphaelites, Impressionists; and to-day we have Neo-Impressionists, Pointillists, Luminists, Futurists, Orphists, Sensationalists, Compositionalists, Synchromists, Cubists; and no one can say what we shall have to-morrow. It is confusing, but it is hopeful, for whatever else may be said of art, at least it is not dead.

Turning to the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find the revolt against Classicism has begun, and the whole evolutionary trend of art during the ensuing years has been away from the "studio" picture and towards an ever closer contact with, and interpretation of, nature, until the dawn of the nineteenth century,

when unmistakable signs appear of a reverse swing of the pendulum towards imaginative painting.

After the "Classic" came the Romantic, then the Realistic and the Impressionistic phases of nineteenth century art.

The treatment of the nude was the special study of the Classicists, and in draughtsmanship they excelled. David and Ingres were the two most remarkable artists of this age, and both of them in their work expressed the mood of France. Colour implies sunshine, and France was enveloped in the storm clouds of revolution; hence what has been described as the "heroic austerity" of David. Neither of them was a colourist. Ingres was David's pupil, and in his turn taught: "A thing well drawn is always well enough painted." He regarded the rebels against cold classicism, Decamp and Delacroix, as traitors; for to him: "To be careless of a correct contour, to concentrate your thoughts on colour and action—that was to do nothing less than to offend against morality." Nevertheless in his later years he did not wholly escape the influence of the new spirit. Men had become thoroughly weary of the continual procession of meaningless "gods and goddesses," of artificial poses and stereotyped compositions. "Let us have warmth of colour and freedom of movement," cried the Romanticists, and this they achieved. Remarkable changes took place in figure painting and in landscape; but this movement in turn had to give place to a still more radical change. The Realists now appear upon the scene, and shepherds and shepherdesses, nymphs and cupids sporting in the woods, are banished.

It must not be forgotten that there are always men who combine in themselves characteristics of more than

one period, for example Corot's works have both classic and romantic elements, while he also adopted the practice of the impressionists of painting out of doors. The things he considered most important in the technique of pictures were drawing and values. To his treatment of the latter he largely owes his fame as a painter. "He succeeded in applying the principle of values to landscape painting as fully as Rembrandt had to figure painting."

The Barbizon School represented the Romantic element in landscape, and then we find in France naturalistic and realistic painters, such as Jongkind, Boudin, Courbet and, most important of all, Manet, blazing the trail for the later Impressionists. The Barbizon painters also had their formula: "There must be a rough foreground, a darkened distance, and perhaps, in the mid-distance, a glint or gleam of sunshine striking some rugged tree-trunk"; so once again new experiments were tried, and new discoveries displaced outgrown conventions. Jongkind and Boudin occupy the intermediate period between the Barbizon group and the Impressionists. On that account chiefly their work is interesting. Both men were exceptionally unfortunate (penury reduced the former to dipsomania), probably because they represented a transitional period; but Jongkind sowed the seed which afterwards flowered in the work of the greatest of the Impressionists—Monet. He was "one of the very first men in France to occupy himself with the enormous difficulties surrounding the study of atmospheric effects, the decomposition of luminous rays, the play of reflections and the unceasing change crossing over the same natural form during the different hours of the day".



Boudin was an ardent advocate for out-of-door painting and was thus linked to the Impressionists. He was persuaded by "la mère Toutain," one of the innkeepers, typically and peculiarly French, known as "mères des artistes," to open an Academy of painting at her inn at Saint Simeon. As a scheme for making money the Academy was a failure, but the inn itself became a delightful centre where for twenty-five years the most celebrated artists met continually, attracted by the beauty of the surroundings and the charm of Boudin's personality.

Courbet was essentially a realist, but romantic leanings filled his pictures with colour. Unhappily, owing to the failure of his experiments based on his own theories in regard to colour, the pictures have faded. He induced the younger amongst his fellow artists to turn to everyday life for their subjects, and his influence over Manet, the greatest of the Realists, in his earlier years was very pronounced. Later he could not follow this brilliant painter in his artistic flights. When "Olympia," one of Manet's most daring ventures, was exhibited to a rebellious public, even Courbet's sympathy failed. "It is flat and lacks modelling. It looks like the queen of spades coming out of a bath." To this criticism of his Manet's reply was: "He bores us with his modelling. Courbet's idea of rotundity is a billiard ball."

We have seen Romanticists in rebellion against the superstitions of Classicists, then, later, the arrival of the day when the former lost their grip upon truth, seeking emotional gratification at any cost. So that in their turn they are forced to make way for the Realists bringing a new message: "Fancy is

leading you astray, the charm in nature is greater than any you can invent." Many of this band of Realists were on the outskirts of Impressionism, although never identified with it—amongst them Manet, the most commanding personality amongst the painters of that era, who was one of those I should venture to call occultist—as distinguished from mystic—artists. A mere paragraph is not enough to do justice to this man and his remarkable influence; to him and to Impressionism, representing the evolutionary fruits of nineteenth century painting, future studies will be devoted.

No student of this period can fail to observe the rapid development of art in England and the extraordinarily vitalising influence of some English Masters, notably Turner and Constable, upon the French painters. Wynford Dewhurst says:

Excluding the miniaturists, and such foreign masters as Holbein, Vandyck, Kneller, and Lely, English art could hardly boast one hundred consecutive years of history when its landscape artists first exhibited in the Paris Salon. The French School could not forget Italy and its own past. Even to this day the entrance to the Ecole des Beaux Arts is guarded by two colossal busts of Poujet and Poussin, and the supreme prize in its gift is the Prix de Rome. But English art has never been trammelled excessively by its own past, simply because it did not possess one, and, with insular pride, refused to accept that of the Continent.

Hogarth was a sturdy example of British independence uttering all manner of "blasphemous expressions against the divinity even of Raphael, Correggio, and Michelangelo"; and indeed all the Englishmen made truth their goal, a trait which characterises the later Impressionists. In Mr. Dewhurst's opinion the impressionistic idea originated with the Englishmen; but this is perhaps claiming too much. It seems more probable

that the new impulse was at work in both countries, but that it found earlier and freer outlet in England because France was in leash to her traditions. For, curiously enough, after Constable and Turner, English art declined steadily until it was revived by the French Impressionists, who were the flower of the seeds of inspiration carried to France by these masters. Constable and Turner helped France to break the fetters of Classicalism, and France in her turn repaid the debt. The inspiration and encouragement the rebellious Frenchmen received from the great Englishmen was acknowledged most generously, for they showered upon them all the honours which their own countrymen denied them. In England these masters met with the proverbial fate of prophets in their own country, but Paris welcomed them with open arms; and if Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Manet, Monet, Sisley and Pissaro owe much to Englishmen, what do later English painters owe to them?

This study of the outlines of Art progress during the last century brings certain features into prominence, and they are these. Paris and London have been the vital centres during that period. The tendency has been a steady pursuit of truth with the consequent closer contact with Nature. This love of Nature resulted in remarkable discoveries in relation to light and to the possibilities of colour; and the naturalistic tendency was the reflection in Art of the Scientific Spirit of the age.

The Realistic Spirit flowered in Impressionism, and when its work is, for the time being, ended, we may, in obedience to cyclic law, which governs Art as well as life, expect to find the wave of inspiration pass to

the decorative arts and more purely imaginative painting. In that age we may expect a number of mystic-painters who shall bring to earth the dream beauties whose garments the nineteenth century has woven.

Alice E. Adair

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## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

IN scientific investigations, in order to understand and interpret the phenomena, it is customary to form provisional hypotheses, which link together the discovered facts. When new facts are found which do not agree with the hypothesis, it is abandoned, and a new one is tried, until eventually a law of nature of the highest generality is established.

This method of cross-examining nature, and worming out her secrets, does not appear to have been yet adopted by Theosophical students to any great extent, and the following is an attempt to apply it to some of the occult teachings.

I propose to put to the test of experiment two hypotheses which may be thus stated.

(1) When a conscious entity changes from one plane to another, as in the case of birth or death, the energy of the vehicle in which the entity functions after the change, is the same per unit of volume, as the energy of the vehicle in which the entity functioned before the change.

To illustrate this by a concrete example, let a cubic inch of a man's body be taken, and its molecular energy measured, which let us suppose has the value  $w$ . Then if the man dies and the energy in a cubic inch of his astral vehicle is measured, this energy on the above hypothesis will still be  $w$ .

This first hypothesis is merely an extension of the law of the conservation of energy from the physical to the higher planes.

The second hypothesis is the following :

(2) The quantity of consciousness which can be experienced by an entity in unit time is proportionate to the vibratory velocity of the vehicle in which it is functioning.

To illustrate this second hypothesis by an example, if the vibratory velocity of the astral vehicle were ten times as great as the vibratory velocity of the physical vehicle, then one

day's experience on the astral plane would contain as much consciousness as ten days' experience on the physical plane.

The energy of unit volume, which by the first hypothesis is the same on all planes, is obtained by multiplying the weight of unit volume by half the square of the velocity, and to illustrate the two hypotheses in combination, if the astral velocity were ten times as great as the physical, the weight of unit volume of the physical, or the density of the physical vehicle, would be the square of ten, or one hundred times as great, as the astral vehicle.

Since both the density and the vibratory velocity of the physical vehicle is known, the energy of unit volume can be calculated. These data, with suitable mathematical proofs, are given in an article by the writer in *Modern Astrology* for August 1916, to which the reader is referred. The molecular velocity of the human brain  $v$ , is 228150.3 centimetres per second; the density of the human body  $d'$ , being the same as that of water approximately, we have  $d' = 1$ ; and since the energy per unit volume  $w$ , is the density multiplied by half the square of the velocity  $v$ , we have for the energy of unit volume of the physical vehicle

$$w = \frac{1}{2}d'v^2 = 2.60263 \times 10^{11} \text{ ergs} \quad (1)$$

By hypothesis (1), this is a constant on all planes, so that the quantities of energy per unit volume of the physical, astral, and mental vehicles are all equal to  $w$  in (1). In the above the unit of volume is the cubic centimetre.

Suppose now the consciousness is transferred from the physical vehicle to a vehicle composed of the ether of space, which has the vibratory velocity  $c$ . Now the vibratory velocity of the ether of space is well known, it is the velocity of light, so that  $c = 3 \times 10^{10}$  centimetres per second. This is much greater than the velocity of the physical vehicle  $v$ , as given above, in fact it is  $c/v = 131492.3$  times as great; so that, from hypothesis (2), the amount of experience that the entity would have in four minutes in its new etheric vehicle, would be as great as would be experienced in a physical vehicle in  $4 \times 131492.3 = 525969.6$  minutes. Dividing this number by the number of minutes in a day  $24 \times 60 = 1440$ , so as to get the corresponding time in days we have

$$525969.6/1440 = 365.256 \text{ days} = 1 \text{ year} \quad (2)$$

In other words, according to the second hypothesis given above, if an entity changed from a physical vehicle to one composed of the ether of space, it would become conscious of a year's experience in four minutes of physical time. Contrariwise, if the entity changed from a vehicle composed of

the ether of space to a physical vehicle, the experience of four minutes in the etheric vehicle would expand out into a year's experience in the physical vehicle. An illustration of such changes in the time ratios of conscious experiences is given in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. III, p. 259). Now according to one of the laws of Astrology, known as the system of Primary Directions, each four minutes of time after the birth of the native is the equivalent of one year of physical life, hence the method of Primary Directions merely supposed that at birth the entity is changing from a vehicle composed of the ether of space, with the vibratory velocity of light  $c$ , into a physical vehicle with the molecular velocity of the human brain  $v$ .

Another system of calculation, much used in Astrology, is the method of Secondary Directions, in which each day after birth is the equivalent of one year of physical life. This implies that in the process of birth the entity changes from a vehicle having the vibratory velocity  $V$ , to the physical vehicle having the known vibratory velocity  $v$ , and that  $V$  &  $v$ , are so related that

$$V = v \times 365 \cdot 256 = 8 \cdot 3334 \times 10^7 \text{ centimetres} \quad (3)$$

A system of electrons, which were acted on by a difference of potential of two volts, would have the required velocity  $V$  in (3) (*X Rays*, Kaye, Longmans, p. 96), and such a system of electrons would be identical with what are known as the Delta Rays (*Modern Electrical Theory*, 2nd. Ed., Campbell, Cambridge University Press, p. 323).

If, therefore, during the process of birth the incarnating entity changed from a vehicle having the vibratory velocity of the ether of space, passing through an intermediate vehicle, on the way to the physical, having the velocity of the Delta Rays, the two systems of Astrology known as the Primary and Secondary Directions would be scientifically accounted for. The latest investigations prove that the velocity of the Delta Rays is A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT (*Philosophical Magazine*, vol. XXII, p. 300, and vol. XXIV, p. 786).

Having thus obtained the vibratory velocities of the three vehicles, it is possible to obtain the densities also, because the density multiplied by half the square of the velocity, is equal to  $w$ , as given by (1), which is the same for all the vehicles on all the planes, in accordance with hypothesis (1).

The density of the physical vehicle is, of course, known; let us therefore ascertain the density of the vehicle having the velocity  $V$ , of the Delta Rays, as given by (3). Let this

density be  $d$ , so that the energy of unit volume is  $\frac{1}{2}dV^2$ , and by hypothesis we have

$$\frac{1}{2}dV^2 = W = 2.60263 \times 10^{10} \text{ ergs,} \quad \text{from (1)}$$

$$d = 2w/V^2 = 0.0000075636 \quad (4)$$

which gives us the density of the vehicle, the vibratory velocity of which is that of the Delta Rays. The density of the vehicle having the velocity of light  $c$ , may be left as an exercise to the student. It is given in *Modern Astrology* for August 1916. The density of air is 0.0012923, which is much greater than the density of the vehicle given by (4). The exact relation between the two may be ascertained by division thus:

$$0.0012923/0.0000075636 = 170.86 \quad (5)$$

from which it appears that air is about 171 times as dense as the vehicle occupied by the entity whilst the Secondary Directions are operating in the horoscope of the native. We are fortunately able to test the result given by (5), by actual experiment. Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague, Holland, have ascertained the density of bodies used by discarnate entities, or the spooks of the spiritualists. A review of their work will be found in the September number of *The Occult Review* for 1916 (pp. 130—40). They are well known men of science, who have done original work in high-frequency currents of electricity, liquid air, and the compression of gases, and have now published the results of twenty-two years of labour, in spiritistic and occult matters, in a voluminous work, in Dutch, entitled *The Mystery of Death*.

The experiments have been carried out without the aid of mediums, and purely with scientific apparatus, as in a chemical or physical laboratory, and one of the results is that they find that the vehicles in which the discarnate entities function, HAVE A DENSITY WHICH IS 176.5 TIMES THE DENSITY OF AIR (*Occult Review*, September 1916, p. 133).

Considering the delicacy of the experiments, this is in agreement with the result obtained theoretically in (5), from hypotheses (1) and (2). The difference between our theoretical result, 170.86, and the experimental result, 176.5, being about 3%. Part of the discrepancy is due to our assumption that the density of the physical body  $d'$  in (1) is the same as the density of water, whereas the density is slightly less than water, since human bodies will float. But the agreement is close enough for all practical purposes.

By our hypotheses, therefore, one of which is merely an extension of the well known law of the conservation of energy to other planes, and the other a rather obvious relation between



the vibratory velocity of a vehicle, and its capacity for manifesting consciousness, we are able to link together facts in nature, which appear as wide apart as the poles; facts, such as the fundamental bases of Astrology, which have been handed down to us from the remotest antiquity, and those most recently obtained from our physical laboratories. We are brought into touch with three fundamental velocities, which govern the interchange of life-forces between three planes, probably the three worlds of the Scriptures: the physical velocity  $v$ , or the molecular velocity of water or the human body, the velocity  $V$ , the velocity of the Delta Rays, probably the vibratory velocity of all astral vehicles, and which physicists have recently found to be A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT, and the velocity  $c$ , or the velocity of light, the vibratory velocity of the ether of space, and probably the vibratory velocity of the mental vehicle, the Causal Body of the Theosophist. The ratios between these three fundamental velocities are the reciprocals of the time ratios of Primary and Secondary Directions as used in the science of Astrology.

We are told that before descending into a new incarnation, the human consciousness ascends into the Causal Body, and whilst there, sees the events of the coming life; this may occur during the few hours after physical birth whilst the Primary Directions are operating. The Secondary Directions are operating during the three months after birth, when the incarnating ego may be supposed to be mostly in an astral vehicle, having the velocity of the Delta Rays, since it is not until the seventh year that the ego may be said to be fully incarnated. The Delta Rays consist of slowly moving electrons, and there are good grounds for supposing that electrons are the atoms of the astral plane (THE THEOSOPHIST, October 1908, p. 68; February 1909, p. 483; March 1910, p. 791).

G. E. Sutcliffe

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A POINT OF DOGMA

I thank you for your kindness in printing my letter covering the words of our dear brother in service, Jinarājadāsa, wherein he maintains, as clearly as words can, the doctrine of transubstantiation as held by the most simple or unenlightened R. C. devotee, and I shall now put what I would say in reply as briefly as I can for your convenience:

1. We admit, of course, the magic process. We know that a good woman or a good man can so vitalise, or, as some would say, magnetise, bread or wine or water, that such may become the veritable vehicle or body of Life or God to the soul who partakes of it worthily, *i.e.*, in living faith. To this soul it will actually convey the holy thing of life, or the Divine Essence, and will accordingly bless this soul, and through this soul, the body. In this process is the work of the white magician.

2. But we know that it is equally true that an "evil" or unclean or unspiritual woman or man can, by identical act of will, effect a corresponding result in these elements, and that an unwholesomeness, or uncleanness, or a spiritual unhealth would be conveyed through them to the soul and body of the communicant, and this is black magic. Thus it follows, as I have often been told, that the presence of a certain type of priest at a death-bed for this service has produced a deep and lasting depression or dread in the passing soul.

3. Thus we admit a change of power or virtue in the elements, and the whole question resolves itself accordingly into what is the nature of the change. But this is very different from saying that the bread and wine, as soon as a duly consecrated priest utters the words, become the actual live flesh and blood of a Saviour.

4. Further, if we admit that any consecrated priest can effect this change, we must admit that the vilest priest can effect it too. But our most common experience teaches us that a holy substance cannot be conveyed holily, *i.e.*,

as a holy substance, through an unclean vessel. And we know also that as above, so below ; and as in the outer, so in the inner. And by thus observing the truth in external nature we can surely and easily know the truth in the ways of the hidden things of life.

5. I know what I have seen on many solemn and illumined occasions. I have always seen these elements become the vehicle or body for the virtue of the living Spirit whom we name Christ. But these elements remain the material elements of bread and wine, and if subjected to the usual disintegrating forces of nature, would in time corrupt and perish.

And it has been laid upon me by this same holy Christ-Spirit to say so, in order that Her children may be delivered from the bondage of casuality or materialism, through the opening of their eyes to see and feel the power of the deathless and incorruptible, live Body of God. And this, dear Editor, is why I had to write you that letter.

6. I think your readers will at least concede that this unqualified doctrine of transubstantiation may be fraught with the grossest issues. To my seeing it could lead us easily into a materialistic psychism, far more dangerous than is the crudest Spiritism, because more subtle, giving sanction to what may be in very fact black magic. Again thanking you, believe me to be yours ever faithful in the cause of truth.

• JAMES L. MACBETH BAIN

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## ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THEOSOPHY

I send the following extract. Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., M.A., in the concluding chapter of his book entitled *Theosophy*, says :

I have sometimes been reproached for "taking Theosophy seriously" ; I frankly confess I take it quite seriously. It is a form of religious belief and practice, and I cannot conceive myself taking any such form, however unprepossessing or remote, otherwise than seriously. What means to deal with God cannot be trivial.

Moreover, Theosophy consists of its ultimate doctrines, and of their popular presentment. Its elaborate historical, philosophical, and "occultist" *mise en scene* is probably what attracts the very great majority of its adherents, and this is serious.

After this frank confession from a Jesuit Roman Catholic priest, I hope my Roman Catholic friends will betake themselves to the study of Theosophy, as I myself, an Indian

Roman Catholic, do; for Theosophy teaches, among other things, that all human beings, without any exception, will finally go to "Heaven"; whereas Roman Catholicism teaches that the greatest part of humanity will go to "everlasting Hell".

*Rangoon*

A. ARULSWAMI

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## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

In reply to Mr. Gulick, I would point out that two opposite principles appear to come into operation, in the early and late portions of a chain. In the early portion, the advanced are held back, and the laggards pushed forward, whilst in the later portion, the advanced are pushed forward, and the laggards held back. Since the fifth race belongs to the later portion of the chain and of the globe, the fact that the pioneers of this race were rather carefully selected, that is, were advanced egos, is quite normal and accords with rule.

The word laggard is not always appropriate to the class temporarily thrown out of evolution, for it may be unfit because it is too far advanced, and evolving along wrong lines. This was the case with the Lords of the Dark Face in Atlantis. They were more advanced intellectually than the rest, but were deficient in altruism, and in the virtues based on love; their return to evolution, therefore, in the fifth race, will place them on more equal terms intellectually with the rest, hence they can rejoin without dominating us, and forcing the race along wrong lines of evolution. Those that cannot be assimilated in this way will come under the third order "Day of Judgment," and will be suspended for a globe.

It is quite apposite that the principles of a Day of Judgment may apply to still higher cycles, and there may be such a re-classification in the fifth chain, and in the fifth set of chains. As far as we know, the only one of our current schemes that is in the fifth chain, is the Venus scheme, and the coming of the Lords of the Flame from Venus, six and a half million years ago, may have been an incident in such a re-classification.

The period of a chain is that of a Day of Brahmā, 4,320,000,000 years (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, pp. 397, 403, 719), so that a set of seven chains occupies a Week of Brahmā. Now just as this cycle can be split up into chains, rounds, and

globes, so the Māhamanvantara, or hundred Years of Brahmā, can be similarly split up into Kosmic Chains, Kosmic Rounds, and Kosmic Globes, in which seven Kosmic Chains embrace the whole period of a hundred years, or Age, of Brahmā. In such a classification, a set of our chains, or seven chains, is a Kosmic Globe period, and in the same way that the seven races of a globe build up seven Heavenly Men, so the seven chains of the Kosmic Globe have as their fruitage the Hierarchy of seven Creative Powers recorded in the Zodiac (*S. D.*, I, p. 233). Hence the relationship of a globe to a Kosmic Globe is that of a planet to its Zodiac.

Our present chain is the 1st Day of the 51st Year of Brahmā (*Central Hindū College Magazine*, vol. X, No. 11, p. 290, Nov. 1910), so that we are just a little over half way through the Age of Brahmā. From an Atlas of Occult Chronology, which I constructed some years ago on the above data, it appears that we are now in the fourth Kosmic Globe, of the fourth Kosmic Round, of the fourth Kosmic Chain; so that we may regard ourselves as in the fourth globe, of the fourth round, of the fourth chain, of the fourth Kosmic Globe, of the fourth Kosmic Round, of the fourth Kosmic Chain. Hence not only our earth evolution, but the evolution of the solar and planetary Logoi throughout the whole sidereal system, is at its lowest descent into materiality, and just beginning the ascending arc. Perhaps the Kosmic Chains and Rounds bear the same relation to Solar and Planetary Logoi that the ordinary chains and rounds bear to man.

We are apparently living in the critical period, not only of our earth or solar system, but of the whole sidereal system; and the victory of the Light Powers over the Dark, in the present struggle, may be a victory not only for our Day of Brahmā, but for the Age of Brahmā. If this be so, the crisis we are passing through is immeasurably more important than is shown in my article. It is the era *par excellence* of the Kosmic Evolution.

The relationship of the globes and rounds to the Kosmic Globes and Rounds may throw light on the doctrine of Æons, as taught by the Gnostics. A period of seven chains, or a Kosmic Globe period, would be an Æon of a planetary order, the fruitage of which is the Hierarchy of the Planet's Zodiac; and the relationship of man to the Zodiac may be the relationship of the human consciousness to the consciousness of the Planetary Logos. The Logos of our Terrestrial Chain is Brahmā, and each of us is entitled to exclaim with truth: "I am Brahmā," though we shall not adequately realise this until we are part of the Heavenly Man of our Root Race, and

have become assimilated to our Zodiac. When this is accomplished, our consciousness will be felt as an element of the Logic consciousness, and thus, being one with the Logos, we become a part of the evolution of the Solar and Planetary Logoi in the Kosmic Rounds and Chains.

G. E. SUTCLIFFE

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### RELATIVITY

The imaginative sketch with the above title in your issue for October contains, I venture to think, a fallacy which is common to most efforts of the kind. A terrestrial being presumably has a body to which he is tied, and which forms part of the material of the earth, and takes part in its rotation. One might possibly imagine the time or motion sense of such a being slowed down, or accelerated, by endowing it with enormously extended microscopic or telescopic vision, so as to bring within its purview the infra-world, or the supra-world (to borrow M. Fournier D'Albe's terms). In the former case, motions which are so slow to us as to be imperceptible, such as the growth of plants, or the movement of the hour hand of a clock, would be fairly rapid motions, quite cognisable. In the latter case enormous stretches of our terrestrial time would appear quite small intervals; the sun might appear to race round the sky, or rather, the earth to spin as fast as a football, while the movements of people on it would be so slow as to be imperceptible—probably only the geologic changes would be seen, and they would follow each other like cinema pictures.

In the first case, the appearance of the world would be so changed that the objects on it would be unrecognisable. While the growth of different parts of a plant or tree could be followed, the tree as a whole could not be seen, as it would enormously transcend the field of vision. The tip of the hour hand might be seen to move fairly fast, but the clock-face would be indiscernible. In the second case, we must imagine a being with a body co-extensive with, say, the solar system, or with a good slice of interstellar space. Such a body could not be tied to the earth at all, and would have to use microscopic vision to see the earth and its movements, just as we would have to do to detect the revolutions of an atom or electron.

For a being to be conditioned as we are as regards space, while at the same time transcending our time and motion

limits, seems inconceivable. Space and Time are inseparable, and must vary *pari passu*. As long as a clock looks like a clock, and as long as the world wears its familiar features, so long must the ordinary movements of objects remain as they appear at present.

H. L. S. WILKINSON

### SWĀMI VIVEKĀNAND ON MEAT-EATING

In the *Prabuddha Bhāraṭa* for May last, some conversations of Swāmi Vivekānand are recorded by a disciple. The latter is told by the Swami that in all the Upanishats, there can be found no such beautiful book as the Kathopanishat; that it should be committed to memory, and that one should try to instil into one's life the faith, the courage, the discrimination and renunciation of Nachiketa. Further it is taught that: "Liberation or Samādhi only consists in doing away with the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman. The Self is always shining forth like the sun. The cloud of ignorance has only veiled it. Remove the cloud and the Sun manifests. Then you get into the state in which the knots or bondages of the heart are torn asunder. The various paths that you find all advise you to remove the obstacles on the way. The end of all ways is the Knowledge of the Self." Then it is explained that intense longing is the means to realise religion. In the present Yuga there is the necessity of performing work as taught in the *Gītā*, and India requires the quality of *Rajas* to be developed. The dialogue between the Master and the pupil makes excellent reading, and is very suggestive and instructive.

As the discourse almost came to an end, word was brought that supper was ready for Swāmiji, who told his disciple to come and have a look at his food. "It is not good (said the Swāmi) to take much fatty or oily substances. *Roti* is better than *luchi*. *Luchi* is the food of the sick. *Take fish and meat*<sup>1</sup> and fresh vegetables, but sweets sparingly." While thus talking, the Swāmiji enquired: "Well, how many *rotis* have I taken? Am I to take more?" The disciple observed that "he could not remember how much he took, and did not feel even if he yet had any appetite. The sense of body failed away so much while he used to talk. He finished after taking a little more."

<sup>1</sup> The italics are mine.—N. D. K.

After the beautiful and uplifting impression created by reading the first part of the dialogue one would think that the Swāmiji, in asking his disciple at the end to come and see his food, was going to show him what simple and harmless food he was living on. One cannot but feel a rude shock when—after reading about the Swāmiji's exhortation "to do away with the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman, so as to obtain Knowledge of the Self, and the realisation of the Self"—the disciple is told to take fish and meat, which the Swāmiji was with relish feeding upon.

It is hardly necessary to point out here that if we cease eating the carcasses of dead animals, then only shall we cease to feed certain evil entities in ourselves. So long as we eat meat habitually, we shall never be quite free from the influence of entities who live on the blood and other properties of meat. Let us eat purely, and by and by we shall find ourselves thinking purely and desiring purely. How can our inner bodies be purified, and how can "the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman" be removed, so as to realise the Self within us, if we are advised to eat fish and meat.

The Swāmiji had a great admiration for Westerners, and in the dialogue, the disciple—in answer to his question: "Do you hope when you find Rajas in the Westerners that they will gradually become Sāttvic?"—gets the following answer: "Certainly; possessed of a plenitude of Rajas, they have now reached the culmination of Bhoga or enjoyment. Do you think it is not they who are going to achieve Yoga?" The Swāmiji deplores in another place that the Bengalis, whom he admired for their brain power, had no strength in their muscles. It was probably to make up for the want of muscular power that the disciple was advised to eat fish and meat. A very wrong notion is entertained by some Indians that to make themselves more energetic and active in their nature they must stimulate Rajas by eating meat. Properly selected and well prepared non-meat food is more nutritive and productive of the right sort of energy than bestialising meat food. Even under the great stress and strain of this devastating War, it has been found that grain and vegetarian diet is more suitable than a flesh dietary.

N. D. K.



## BOOK-LORE

*The War and Religion*, by Alfred Loisy. Translated by Arthur Galton. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 1s. 6d.)

In the preface to the translation of his book the author writes as follows :

It is on account of the serious friction which the religious problem has caused in France during some twenty years ; on account also of certain movements which seem likely not only to revive but to over-stimulate those religious questions after the war ; as well, too, because some people have proclaimed that the whole French Nation, both those who have been fighting and those who are proud of their defenders, being carried away by the war, will surrender itself entirely and without reserve to the Catholic and Roman faith : for these reasons, it has seemed advisable to show how groundless the latter assertion really is, and at the same time to draw attention to the disagreeable and unfavourable position that the papacy has brought itself into by its attitude towards the European conflict.

This statement makes quite plain the aim of the book, which comprises four chapters : *The War and Religion ; The War ; The Churches ; Religion.*

At the end of the second chapter, in which a summary review has been given of the situation in Europe at the time when the French original edition first appeared, the author asks : "Meanwhile, what is happening to the god of the Christians? Governments and peoples," he continues, "are behaving as though they knew him not ; though the world is still crowded with his official representatives, who assuredly will not remain silent in the present crisis, which is the most uncompromising challenge ever made to their faith since it came into existence."

And then he proceeds to a discussion of the question now causing so much harassment to many earnest and thoughtful people. Can we be patriotic and at the same time truly Christian? M. Loisy's answer is : No. The Gospel, he says, knows nothing of patriotism. "The gospel of Jesus implies the non-existence of nationality: it effaces it." We must

choose. The true believer who "endures persecution, suffering, and death, because the kingdom of heaven belongs to him," cannot be roused to a sense of national responsibility, and the Churches which preach patriotism are deviating, more and more in proportion to their fervour, from the teachings of the Christ. A man cannot fight and pretend at the same time to be a follower of Him who preached the Sermon on the Mount.

In this connection the author criticises the attitude of Pope Benedict the Fifteenth very severely. "From Belgium and from France," he says, "devout Catholics have turned in their distress towards the throne of Peter; and they discovered, to their confusion, that his throne was empty." The reason for his having failed his people at this crisis is due to his having ignored or mistaken the proper meaning of the word impartiality, behind which he shelters, identifying it apparently with the word neutrality. His view of this identification the author expresses as follows :

By impartiality is understood that perfect justice which ought to be followed in the treatment of persons and the estimate of things. Neutrality has nothing moral in it, has no common link with justice; it implies a wholly passive attitude with regard to other people's quarrels, considering neither the facts nor the reasons which may influence the opposing parties. Impartiality is a duty and a virtue; neutrality is only a matter of common prudence, one might even say of policy. Thus impartiality and neutrality are quite different things: in fact they are incompatible with one another in the sphere of morals; for no one has any right to be neutral in moral questions; and whoever pretends to be neutral in matters where justice is concerned fails to be impartial.

The gospel having failed us, the Roman pontificate having failed us, a choice must be made between Christianity and patriotism. M. Loisy chooses the latter. And in his fourth chapter he points out that the "religion" of the army as of the rest of the people is now love of their country and an imperishable belief in her future.

The book is very much worth reading, whether one sympathises with the author's point of view or not. For it puts a very real problem before us with that clarity of thought and simplicity of expression which characterises the true artist.

A. DE L.

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*The Nation of the Future: A Survey of Hygienic Conditions and Possibilities in School and Home Life*, by L. Haden Guest, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 2s.)

Readers of *The Herald of the Star* and *The Commonweal* will doubtless remember two series of articles Dr. Haden Guest wrote for these journals; the title of the former was "The Nation of the Future," and that of the latter "The Method of Medical Inspection of Children in Schools". These articles are now published in book form, together with the original eight photographs and a paper that first appeared in the proceedings of a Congress on Public Health and in the *Journal of State Medicine*; and we welcome this little volume as a more permanent means of bringing the articles before a larger public. Though it may not be necessary to remind many of our readers of their contents, a brief summary may be useful to those who have not already made their acquaintance.

First of all we read of the most common ailments and defects from which many children continually suffer, while supposed by their parents to be quite fit to attend school; then of the method of inspection now in practice; finally some simple but effective remedies are indicated. But Dr. Guest is not content to stop at purely medical and hygienic prescriptions; his sociological training has impressed on him the necessity of dealing with causes rather than tinkering with effects, and with no uncertain voice he denounces the root cause of all the needless wastage of child-efficiency he meets at every turn—poverty.

A section of special interest to Theosophists is one in which the author forecasts the possibilities and the gradual adoption of "a regular and systematic inspection of the mind and of the emotions". He mentions the significant step taken by the London County Council in employing a professional psychologist to develop this aspect of education with a view to adapting teaching to temperament. But he goes a great deal further in the direction of that more spiritual ideal of education towards which the Theosophical Educational Trust is working.

Short as the book is—and this is no disadvantage to a busy public—it is packed with practical information, and makes its

chief appeal to the loftiest sense of national and human solidarity. Speaking of the value of School Clinics the author sums up as follows :

Medical inspection of school children reveals defects which are common to the children of the human race in all parts of the world, and belonging to all its subdivisions of which I have been able to get any knowledge. The cure of those defects by School Clinics, or, better, their prevention, will achieve one of the most striking changes in the physical well-being of mankind that history has to record. Contemplating the massed statistics, the records from all countries, we get the impression of the human race waking up to a sense of the value of its child life, an impression of the human race determining that, what of service we know for the improvement of mankind, that serviceable knowledge shall be applied.

The "prevention" hinted at above is defined in a single sentence that may well be taken as the starting point for social reconstruction: "The measures designed to achieve this end must be based on the explicit assumption on the part of the Government of responsibility at all times, and in all places, and under all conditions, for the well-being of every citizen." Dr. Guest writes a forcible preface from "somewhere in France" to the effect that he has nothing to unsay; on the contrary his experience with the R.A.M.C. at the front entirely bears out his contention that the foundations of a sound physique must be laid in childhood.

W. D. S. B.

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*Thoughts from Trine: An Anthology from the Work of Ralph Waldo Trine.* (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

To all who seek inspiration in New Thought literature the books of Ralph Waldo Trine are well known. They have done much to hearten up the dispirited and strengthen those who lack self-reliance. The present selections from his work are well chosen. The author beams at us from the frontispiece, and the passages here gathered together are well calculated to communicate to the reader his cheerful outlook on life.

A. DE L.

*The Making of the Old Testament*, by W. F. Lofthouse, M.A. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 1s.)

This book is written in an interesting way, with the reverence we should expect from one of a series of Christian Manuals, yet with a breadth of view which permits the author to point out errors and alterations in the Old Testament which exist in spite of the care of the scribes, whose duty it was since the fifth century B.C. to preserve the text.

We are taken back in the history of the only extant literature of the Hebrews, older than 200 years B.C., to the clay tablets of Babylonia, where, according to a theory of Prof. Sayce, this literature may have existed before its translation into Hebrew. Then we hear of its probable existence on leather rolls, such as were used, we know, as far back as 2000 B.C. Coming to later days, we read that existing MSS. are not earlier than the ninth century after Christ, with the exception of a fragment of papyrus dating from the second century A.D.

After reading this book we may wonder at the care taken by the Jews to preserve the Old Testament from error, but we certainly shall not underrate their efforts, or regret having followed the author's investigations.

E. S. B.

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*What to Eat and How Much*, by Florence Daniel. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

The old proverb: "We do not desire and follow after the things that we think to be good, but we think to be good the things that we desire to follow after," is generally borne out in the study of any question concerning our food.

This book is not a compendium of "don'ts," but rather a plain and sensible summary of what is taught by various qualified medical men about food, made readable and convincing by the author's charming individuality. She tells us what food is, the relative value of its different elements, what are its most suitable combinations, how much is required, and the effects of taking too much or too little of it.

We are also told the reasons why our grandmothers were restricted to a more simple but beneficial diet, and how our choice should be governed by the knowledge and selection of what contains the largest amount of feeding material and the smallest amount of waste. Her conclusion is that practically all those who can afford to do so, eat too much, and that too great a carelessness prevails in learning how to keep the body fit.

G. G.

*The Kingdom of Heaven as Seen by Swedenborg*, by John Howard Spalding. (J. M. Dent & Sons, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The aim of this work, as explained on its cover, is "to present the main principles of Swedenborg's teachings in the simplest possible way, so that the reader who wishes to consult his works for himself may have some conception beforehand of the system of thought they expound, into which he may be able to fit the many unfamiliar statements which he will meet with in the course of his study".

The problems of the nature of God, of creation, of the Word, of the Incarnation, of the Second Coming of the Lord, of heaven and hell, of evil, of pain, of free will, etc., are examined and explained in simple, clear language, and judging by the author's evident love for and knowledge of the subject, it is fair to assume that he is in a position to interpret rightly the spirit of Swedenborg's philosophy. It might have been an advantage to intersperse the text with frequent quotations from Swedenborg's writings, so as to bring the would-be student to some extent into direct touch with them and to give him a taste for, an insight into, Swedenborg's manner of presenting his revelations, apart from the interpretation put on them by the author of the book.

The subject-matter is undoubtedly interesting, for Swedenborg's visions were of a high order, recorded in good faith and with the best of motives. Being a scientist and a philosopher, as well as a man of pure and blameless life, possessing a well balanced mind, his intercourse with the

spiritual world, which began at the age of fifty-six and continued without interruption for twenty-eight years, till a few days before his death, cannot be put down to the hallucinations of a diseased mind. They are definite evidence of the possibility of communication with the invisible world, well worth serious attention, provided always one bears in mind the difficulty of presenting the truths of the higher worlds in terms of physical plane language, and makes allowance for the personal equation which is bound to affect every seer. To us, Swedenborg's teachings seem incomplete in the absence of certain doctrines, like Reincarnation, which alone can solve some of the problems of life, and which have since his time been proclaimed to the western world; but as they stand, they have satisfied and helped many in the past and are accepted by many in the present. Mr. Spalding's book will therefore serve as a welcome aid, not only to enquirers, but probably also to older students, and we heartily recommend it as a most useful contribution on an important subject.

A. S.

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*Christus Consolator*, by the Right Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham. (S.P.C.K., London. Price 1s. 6d.)

This book is written with the object of bringing comfort to those in sore trouble through the war, and is full of consoling and helpful thoughts. Its various chapters lead us from "Sorrow," and "The Mystery of Death" to "Christ" and "The World to Come". The chapters entitled "Passing Souls" and "With Christ" are beautiful and comforting, but as Theosophists, we are thankful to possess deeper knowledge of these mysteries of the life hereafter than is shown in the author's treatment of the subject.

E. S. B.

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## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## MR. GANDHI ON AHIMSA

In *The Modern Review* (published in Calcutta) for October we find an effective vindication of the eastern doctrine of *Ahimsa* (non-injury) by Mr. M. K. Gandhi of South African fame. It is primarily a reply to Mr. Lala Lajpat Rai, who had previously written asserting that the elevation of this doctrine of *Ahimsa* to the highest position in religion had contributed to the downfall of India, a charge which is here refuted by the counter-claim that it has been internal dissension—the very antithesis of real religion—that has weakened India.

Mr. Gandhi has the double advantage of not only having studied and assimilated the theory of this doctrine, but also having practised it with conspicuous success. Comparatively few people are aware of the difficulties he surmounted in his campaign of passive resistance to obtain redress for the grievances of his fellow-countrymen in South Africa, but the mere fact that this movement accomplished its object without violence and consequent bitterness, is a memorable object lesson in the working of the Great Law and the ability of ordinary humanity to apply it when the way is shown by personal example.

The doctrine of *Ahimsa*, as Mr. Gandhi points out, is not peculiar to any one sect or religion, though it has come to be popularly identified with Jainism. It is to be found in the Scriptures of all the great faiths of the world, from the Hindu *Shastras* and the Buddhist *Suttas* to the Christian Sermon on the Mount. Neither is it, in Mr. Gandhi's opinion, a doctrine only fit for *Sannyasis*, but a practical rule of conduct that all may obey with equal advantage to themselves and others.

The usual objection raised by the casual enquirer is that the duty of protection is thereby abandoned, in fact becomes impossible. Mr. Gandhi would be the last man to harbour such a misconception. To use his own words:

In its negative form it means not injuring any living being whether by body or mind. I may not therefore hurt the person of any wrong-doer, or bear any ill will to him and so cause him mental suffering. This statement does not cover suffering caused to the wrong-doer by natural acts of mine which do not proceed from ill will. It therefore does not prevent me from withdrawing from his presence a child whom he, we shall imagine, is about to strike. Indeed the proper practice of *Ahimsa* requires me to withdraw the intended victim from the wrong-doer, if I am in any way whatsoever the guardian of such a child. It was therefore most proper for the passive resisters of South Africa to have resisted the evil that the Union Government sought to do to them. They bore no ill will to it. They showed this by helping the



Government whenever it needed their help. *Their resistance consisted of disobedience of the orders of the Government, even to the extent of suffering death at their hands.* Ahimsa requires deliberate self-suffering, not a deliberate injuring of the supposed wrong-doer.

Further on he enlarges on the same aspect as follows :

And so the South African passive resisters in their thousands were ready to die rather than sell their honour for a little personal ease. This was Ahimsa in its active form. It *never* barter away honour. A helpless girl in the hands of a follower of Ahimsa finds better and surer protection than in the hands of one who is prepared to defend her only to the point to which his weapons would carry him. The tyrant, in the first instance, will have to walk to his victim over the dead body of her defender; for it is assumed that the canon of propriety in the second instance will be satisfied when the defender has fought to the extent of his physical valour. In the first instance, as the defender has matched his very soul against the mere body of the tyrant, the odds are that the soul in the latter will be awakened, and the girl would stand an infinitely greater chance of her honour being protected than in any other conceivable circumstance, barring, of course, that of her own personal courage.

But it is not enough, says Mr. Gandhi, merely to abstain from ill will; there must be a positive cultivation of goodwill in the face of injury from others. A point which is well brought out is that such an attitude demands the most complete fearlessness; it is the very reverse of weakness.

In its positive form, Ahimsa means the largest love, the greatest charity. If I am a follower of Ahimsa, I *must love* my enemy. I must apply the same rules to the wrong-doer who is my enemy or a stranger to me, as I would to my wrong-doing father or son. This active Ahimsa necessarily includes truth and fearlessness. A man cannot deceive the loved one he does not fear, or frighten him or her. अमयदान (Gift of life) is the greatest of all gifts. A man who gives it in reality, disarms all hostility. He has paved the way for an honourable understanding. And no one who is himself subject to fear can bestow that gift. He must therefore be himself fearless. A man cannot then practise Ahimsa and be a coward at the same time. The practice of Ahimsa calls forth the greatest courage. It is the most soldierly of soldier's virtues.

We have quoted rather fully because this is a case where a record of first-hand experience is both rare and invaluable. The writer is not deceived by the many specious imitations of "harmlessness," but exposes in the plainest language the inconsistency of people who make a big show of charity, while all the time they allow others to be killed "by inches" through unjust trade and other "respectable" forms of crime.

Such a doctrine may sound utterly incongruous under the conditions prevailing in Europe; but may not the latter appear to the Ahimsaist as the great incongruity? There is a half-way school who believe in forgiving their enemy when they have so far injured him that he can no longer injure them; and these are the people who answer with "this is not the time". Of course it is something to be thankful for nowadays

to find anyone ready to forgive at all, even when it is quite safe, but such a patchwork charity finds no place in Mr. Gandhi's creed. He clearly sees that a spiritual law must by its very nature be eternal and unchanging, and not a matter for compromise and opportunity. He does not prescribe his remedy as an occasional palliative, but as a universal cure for human suffering.

Ahimsa, truly understood, is, in my humble opinion, a panacea for all evils mundane and extra-mundane. We can never over-do it. Just at present we are not doing it at all. Ahimsa does not displace the practice of other virtues, but renders their practice imperatively necessary before it can be practised even in its rudiments.

W. D. S. B.

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*Kosmos—The Monthly Magazine of Universal Interest*: "The Twenty-four Preludes of Chopin: Their pictorial and poetical interpretation." Illustrations by Robert Spies. Poems by Laura Vulda. Translation by R. J. Minney. (The Eastern Bureau, Ltd., Calcutta. Price Re. 1.)

Rarely does one find such a successful combination of the arts of poetry, illustration and publication in the service of the interpretation of music, as in the issue of *Kosmos* devoted to the Twenty-four Preludes of Chopin. A medallino portrait of the great Polish composer forms the Frontispiece, and a short Biography constitutes a fitting Preface. Each succeeding page illustrates a Prelude by means of a short poem, in French, named and derived by the writer from the inspiration of the music; a dainty sketch in black and white, visualising the poem; and an English prose translation of the latter.

With one or two exceptions the poetry and illustrations show clever and original powers of interpretation, and will give pleasure even to musicians who delight in music as a "thing-in-itself" without any desire for its more concrete expression.

The English translations are, unfortunately, unworthy of the production, and are like the weak translations of a school-boy, at times showing an entire lack of good taste, even in the choice of words. The publication is very artistically displayed in purple printing, and is to be recommended as an interesting and unique addition to a musical library.

M. E. C.

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 10th September, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

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Hon. Edward Drayton, Barladon, B. W. I., for 1916, £1.     ...     ...     ...     ...	15	0	0

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	<hr/> 464	<hr/> 4	<hr/> 4

*Adyar,*  
11th September, 1916.

A. SCHWARZ,  
*Hon. Treasurer, T.S.*

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A. SCHWARZ,

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11th September, 1916.

ADYAR LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

A few years ago an Association was formed under the above name to group together friends of the Adyar Library able and willing to help that Institution financially by means of annual donations. Up till now a sum of Rs. 420 has been collected in that way. As the undersigned is leaving Adyar and severing his connection with the Library, he has handed over the amount to the Treasurer of the Theosophical Society.

*Adyar,* 1st September, 1916.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

The above sum of Rs. 420 has been duly received by me, and will, unless a desire to the contrary be expressed by any of the donors, be booked to the credit of the Adyar Library as a gift.

*Adyar,*

1st September, 1916.

A. SCHWARZ,

*Treasurer, T.S.*

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Supplement to this Issue

# Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, OCTOBER 1916

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In this lecture Mr. Arundale urges upon his audience the necessity of personal work in educating the people on the part of every person who wishes to aid the cause of Self-Government for India. "Do a little," he says, "however insignificant." But in order that the many "littles" may count, organisation is necessary. Indians do not seize the opportunities that already exist for benefiting their country. They must learn to exert themselves before they can or should expect Self-Government.

Published by *The Commonwealth Office.*

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## A FORTHCOMING PUBLICATION

GOSPEL GLEANINGS OF UNIVERSAL RELIGION

By J. K. PRASANTA-MURTI

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VOL. IX

(SEPTEMBER)

No. 9

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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VOL. XXXVIII

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# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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## CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 1916, AT LUCKNOW

The Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society having accepted the invitation of the Lodges, and the President having given her approval to the same, the T. S. Convention of 1916 will be held at Lucknow in the month of December next (Christmas week).

In the absence of any Headquarters at Lucknow, arrangements will have to be made from now for the comfort and convenience of the large number of delegates that are likely to attend the First Theosophical Convention at Lucknow. In order that as little inconvenience as possible may be suffered we request the intending visitors :

1. To notify their coming by November 14th at the latest. Each member attending the Convention should send in the usual registration or delegation Fee of Rupee One, and send notice of his coming to Pandit Rai Iqbal Narain Gurtu, Theosophical Society, Benares.
2. To bring with them bedding, mosquito-nets (if needed), towels, soap, travelling lantern and drinking utensils.

Further particulars will be published in due course.

iv SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER  
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

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Indian Section, T. S., balance of dues for 1915 ...	216	8	0
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A. SCHWARZ,  
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A. SCHWARZ,

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10th October, 1916.

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Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
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Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A. ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S.	11-4-1916
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A. ...	Maryland " "	30-4-1916
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. ...	Woodlawn " "	1-5-1916
El Paso, Texas, U. S. A. ...	J. C. Chatterji Lodge, T. S.	14-5-1916
Brooklyn, New York, U. S. A. ...	Origen Lodge, T. S.	18-5-1916
Sioux City, Iowa, U. S. A. ...	Sioux City " "	31-5-1916
Santa Barbara, Cal., U. S. A. ...	Santa Barbara Lodge, T. S.	1-6-1916
Madison, Wisconsin, U. S. A. ...	Madison Lodge, T. S.	7-6-1916
Enschede, The Netherlands	Enschedesche Lodge, T. S.	2-7-1916

Adyar  
25th August, 1916.

J. R. ARIA,  
Recording Secretary, T.S.

v SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER  
NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Giridih, Dist. Hazaribag, India	... Tattwa Lodge, T. S. ...	9-6-1916
Colombo, Ceylon	... Service ...	30-6-1916
Karaparamba, India	... Ram Krishna Lodge, T. S. ...	30-6-1916
Dewas, Central India	... Dewas Hindi Lodge, T. S. ...	2-9-1916
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Balasinore, Bombay Presi- dency	... Maitrya Lodge, T. S. ...	5-9-1916
Tiruvattar, S. Travancore, India	... Adikeshava Lodge, T. S. ...	25-9-1916

*Adyar,*  
2nd October, 1916.

J. R. ARIA,  
*Recording Secretary, T.S.*

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LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of Dissolution
Hart, Michigan, U. S. A. ...	Hart Lodge, T. S.	1-6-1916
Omaha, Nebraska, U. S. A.	Olcott „ „	30-6-1916
New York, N. Y., U. S. A. ...	Unity „ „	30-6-1916
Pelham, N. Y., U. S. A. ...	Pelham „ „	30-6-1916
Webb City, Mo., U. S. A. ...	Webb City Lodge, T. S.	30-6-1916
Fairhope, Alabama, U. S. A.	Fairhope Lodge, T. S.	30-6-1916

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Supplement to this Issue

# Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, NOVEMBER 1916

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Maidstone, Kent, England	Maidstone " "	7-10-1916
Heliopolis, Cairo, Egypt ...	The "Ra" " "	11-10-1916

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1st November, 1916.

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ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, DECEMBER 1916

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**FIRST.**—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

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THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

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